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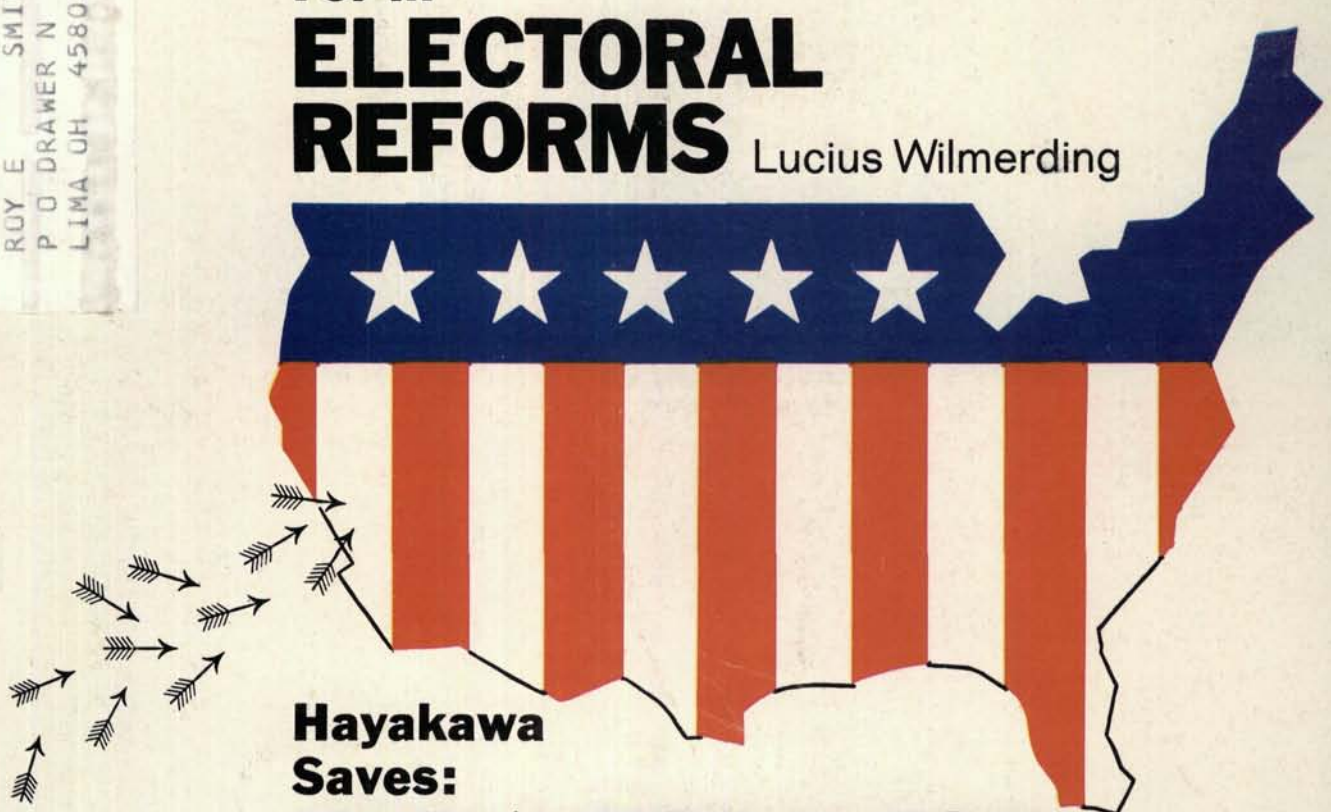

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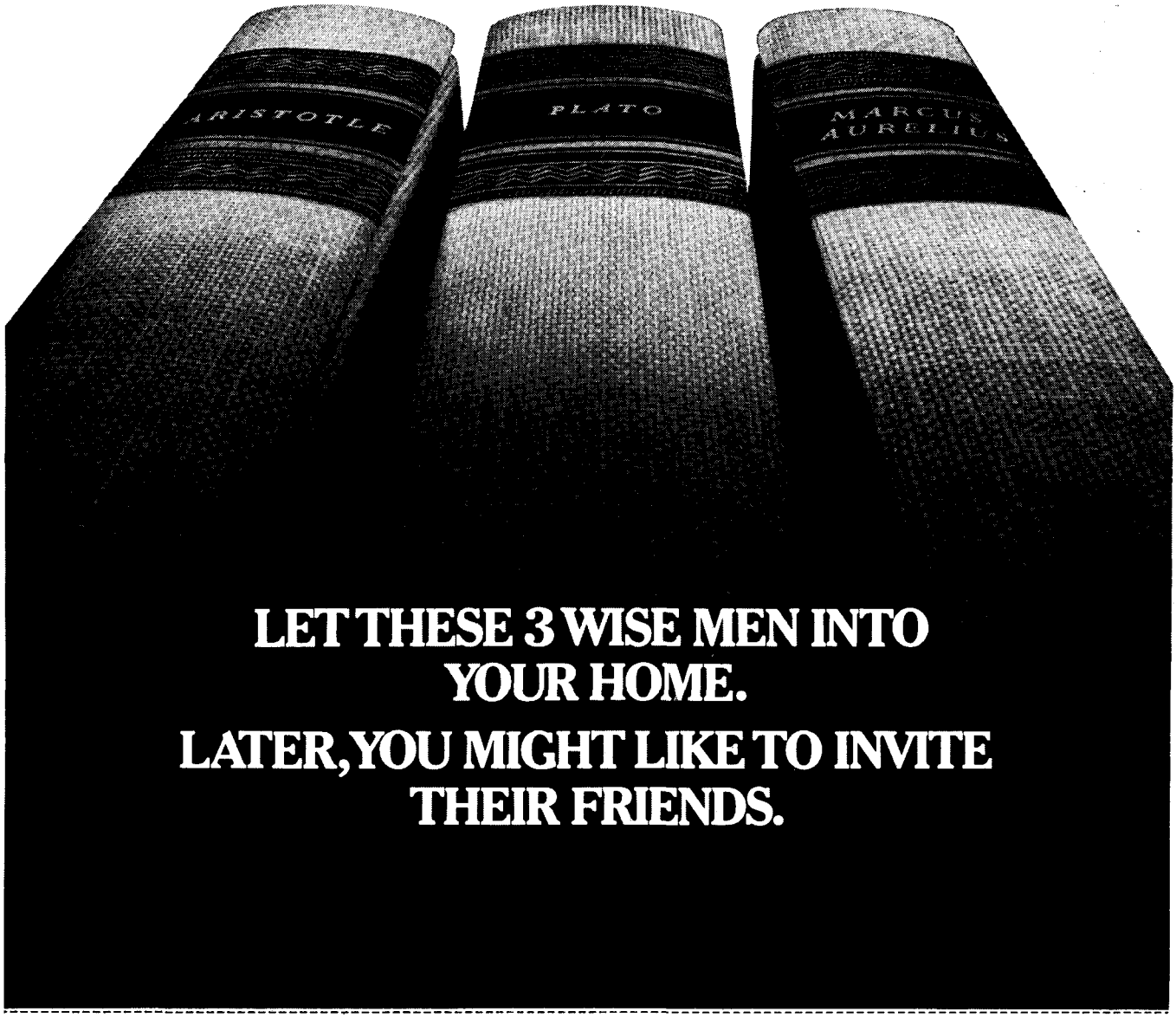

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LETTERS

How to Succeed in School

Re: "Dead End In American Education" by Roger A. Freeman [*NR*, Jan. 14]:

If a child entering the public schools of this land is concerned with succeeding and gaining a modicum of learning, may I suggest that he immediately pick out a smart mother and father. Otherwise, I am afraid, said child is doomed to failure.

An excellent article.

Santa Rosa, Cal. JAMES W. KIRCHANSKI

MacLeish on the Moon

Your note on Archibald MacLeish [The Week, Jan. 14] falls so far below the level of commentary that we have come to expect from NATIONAL REVIEW as to be really shocking. While one may disagree with Mr. MacLeish's political views, this is no reason for snide dismissal of his poetic achievement, which I venture to suggest will outlast his critics. His article in the *New York Times* on the occasion of the Apollo moon-shot had the merit of reminding us that this voyage could lead to a new perspective on man, and the civilization he has created on earth—a perspective badly needed in this time of spiritual doubt and disbelief. As it happens, the whole body of MacLeish's poetry —from *Tower of Ivory* through *Streets in the Moon* and his mature work—is a powerful affirmation of precisely those "eternal verities," aesthetic and otherwise, which an age of materialism tends to reject. In this sense, MacLeish as poet is a true conservator of much that is precious in the human story; and it is a little sad to see him and his work denigrated by a journal committed to the conservative cause.

New York, N.Y. JOHN DAVENPORT

Kenner v. Buckley

Herewith my response to the well-aimed point from Professor Kenner [Notes & Asides, Jan. 14]:

Syntactic energy is drained
While pondering a thought.
It's more important to have gained
In logic than been caught
By cadence, which could well ensnare
The ruminating process.
Professor, Sir, I couldn't care:
Less.

Mountainside, N.J. POLLY WILLIAMS

Professor Kenner offers Mr. Buckley an "out" through his remark that the written language contains no notation for the subtle controls of pause, suspension, inflection, variation of tone and pace, which WFB would have required to make his *Esquire* lead "sing." Certainly I must agree with him that the sentence as WFB has written it and punctuated it does not sing; in fact, I had to re-read it a couple of times to pin down its proposition. Unfortunately, Professor Kenner's edition singeth not itself, though it burns with a cold, gem-like flame.

There is an alternative course, though I'm sure the editors of *Esquire* might have been more than a little startled to see it adopted by WFB. It is, to utilize *all* the flexibility, all the nuances, of modern notation . . . to adapt and adopt the conventions of punctuation displayed by Cummings, Pound (particularly Pound—ain't he loverly?), and others in poetry, by Tennessee Williams in his plays and by William Faulkner in his prose, plays, and poetry.

Lock Haven, Pa. RALPH D. COPELAND

The lamentable fact is that Wm. F., like the late Robt. F., has a way of saying things loosely, especially when he is writing about the late Robt. F., there being something contagious even in the recollection of the hard little Boston moptop who declaimed in the same flat accents for the brotherhood of man and the bugging of Jimmy Hoffa, whose enmity Kennedy craved as a crocodile feeds on barracuda steak.

It was a bum sentence, Bill. But you are still the greatest editor in the world.

JAMES JACKSON KILPATRICK

Alexandria, Va.

Christmas with NR

My thanks to Arnold Lunn for his excellent message for Christmas [NR, Dec. 31]. This article is an indictment against most Christians. It is indicative of the failure of our Christian leaders, publications and instructors, that a secular publication, NATIONAL REVIEW, should so ably tell us of our weaknesses and failures.

Grand Rapids, Mich. MRS. KELLY TUCKER

I read with horror and disappointment your "Christ-mass" issue. It perpetuated aged and bearded myths that I should have thought would be entirely dead amongst civilized men by now—myths I did not expect to find when I subscribed to your *otherwise* intelligent publication.

Only a papist could be so simple as to make the black and white distinctions of "Christian *v.* Materialist"! I would remind the would-be non-intimidated Christians that the American political system in its original form, which we prize so much, was framed and thought out by Unitarians, Deists and other non-Christians. . . .

I suggest that Sir Arnold read a little of H. L. Mencken each night after his prayers.

Kernersville, N.C. D. MORRIS CALHOUN

Oh, for a veritable epidemic of Sir Arnold Lunns to help "The Intimidated Christians" launch an effective, and long overdue, counterattack against the unsanctified genius of Humanism! It extols the Bible "as literature" while denying its validity and inspiration; it mouths Our Lord's philosophy and ethics while denying His divinity; it accepts the fruits of applied Christian faith which has, in large part, been responsible for the evolution of liberty and social and moral progress, while denying that it is our best defense against any totalitarian system bent on the subjugation of free minds and free spirits. Worst of all, it confuses Christianity with the evils done in its name while denying "the power of His resurrection."

Carl Junction, Mo. IRENE PRATER DELL

Thank you for publishing "A Letter to Maureen" by Aloise Buckley Heath [Dec. 31]. Only trouble is, I keep laughing aloud in impossible places like crowded supermarkets when I think of the Pickle Fork. Which Causes Some Curious Stares from Passersby. NATIONAL REVIEW is my all-time favorite among magazines anyhow, but "Maureen" was Worth the Price without Anything Else.

Hannibal, Mo. JOHN A. WINKLER

I laughed and cried over "A Letter to Maureen," surely the most rewarding story *NR* ever devoted or ever could devote six pages to. I laughed because in my family, too, a Sense of Humor is the most important thing. I cried because it is so tragic that Aloise had to die, uniquely qualified as she was, among other virtues no doubt, to provide us with such delights.

New York, N.Y. CORINNA MARSH

Poverty and Welfare

In the issue of November 19, Ernest van den Haag tells us that welfare migrants *would* inundate New York if residency requirements were waived ["Poverty and Welfare: A Liberal-Conservative Dialogue"]. However, welfare migration is not caused by the absence of residency requirements. People do not welfare-migrate because they desire a change of scenery, to loaf, or even to get somewhat better housing. If my experience as a caseworker means anything, it is quite simply because they *desire to survive*. This is what actually happens in the vast majority of non-residence cases: the wage-earner becomes disabled, loses his job, or is otherwise incapacitated. Lacking other resources, he is thrown on the tender mercies of the local government, which being poor itself, will not or cannot

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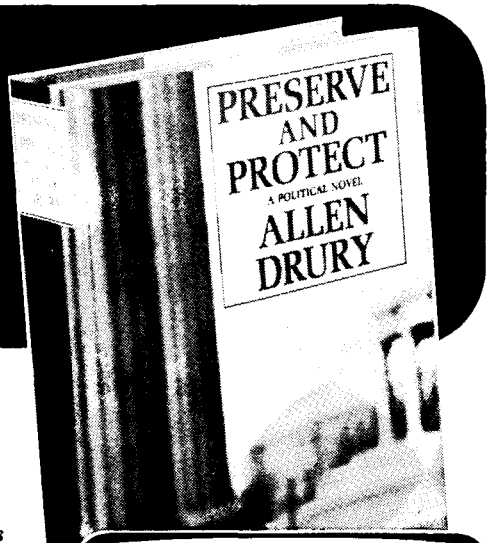

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by Allen Drury

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Now the flag-draped coffin was inching up the soft green hill toward Arlington National Cemetery. It held the remains of Harley M. Hudson, who two days before had been President of the United States. The muffled drums rolled their relentless beat. Suddenly, shattering the hush, another hearse careened alongside Harley Hudson's. Another cortege, this one with horns blaring, riders screaming, placards waving.

The next fifteen minutes horrified the nation and the world. Cars in the opposing group wore the white dove of COMFORT, the clenched fist of DEFY, the flaming torch of KEEP – the same extremists who had rioted at the gates of the White House the night before last. The passengers, made up about equally of whites and blacks, aimed their cars at the caisson and the limousines, screeching obscenities. Then they broke into a chant that told the world what they thought of Harley Hudson – and what they meant to do with his coffin: "INTO THE DITCH, YOU SON OF A BITCH! INTO THE DITCH, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

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Drury goes on to tell how the new President of the United States sought to restore order in our land – and how the media, as if by involuntary reflex, sought to destroy the new President. How the media publicly deplored – not the rioters, the looters, the burn-baby-burners – but the *police* who tried to control them. The story is climaxed by the Day of the Great Riot . . . the day that the Liberals made.

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On May 19, 1968 the New York Times reported that Allen Drury had issued "a bitter attack" on McCall's magazine and on Norman Cousins, chairman of the editorial committee of the McCall Corporation and editor of Saturday Review.

Mr. Drury blamed Mr. Cousins for the decision to drop serialization of Preserve and Protect after the magazine had paid him $50,000. "I am sure no book of mine will ever appear in McCall's while he is the controlling factor there, nor will he ever again permit a fair review of any book of mine to appear in Saturday Review," said Mr. Drury in a written statement.

McCall's editor James Fixx said the decision not to serialize had been his, "after consulting with a few people, including Mr. Cousins." After receiving the manuscript, said Mr. Fixx, he thought the book would become a bestseller but "decided it was not the kind of work to which we wanted to give that much space in the magazine."

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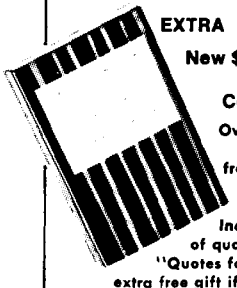

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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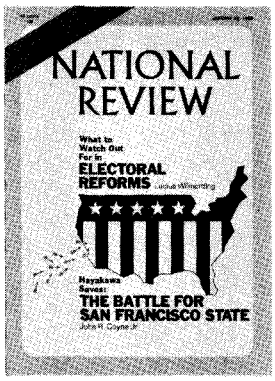
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Two college campuses, separated by a continent, face this week a common problem: how to deal with a student-faculty coalition, buttressed by outside support, bent on converting an educational establishment into a proving ground for social revolution. **David Brudnoy** reports on the progress of black power tactics at Brandeis University, an important citadel of Eastern liberalism and a rock's throw from Boston's Northeastern University, where Mr. Brudnoy was last year, observing many of the same tactics and writing about them for *NR*. A former instructor of history, he is now pursuing a doctorate in American Civilization. **John R. Coyne Jr.** is, like Mr. Brudnoy, a veteran of the campus wars. He first saw action at Berkeley, and filed dispatches right up until our December 17 issue, transferring to San Francisco State College when students there began pinning the renowned semanticist S. I. Hayakawa to the wall. Mr. Coyne will remain on the scene for further developments in our next issue.



■ **Lucius Wilmerding** agrees that reform of the Electoral College should go on the national agenda at once, but then let us proceed with extreme caution lest we lose sight of the proper objective. Mr. Wilmerding, one of the country's foremost authorities on constitutional and administrative history, published his book on the Electoral College in 1958. . . . Stockholm has recognized Hanoi, and there's a lot to that, says **Nils-Eric Brodin**, a visiting scholar at the Hoover Institution whose recent trip home confirmed long-standing doubts about his countrymen's "neutrality."

■ **Frank S. Meyer** foresees the disaster we are courting in the Middle East. . . . **Russell Kirk** discusses the wrong way to repair American higher education (universalize it) . . . **William F. Rickenbacker**, a licensed pilot, records some notable thrills for Delectations. Mr. Rickenbacker's *Death of the Dollar*, incidentally, is now in its fourth printing (by Arlington House) and is going into a Japanese edition—400 yen per copy (= one dying dollar) . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** says it's not *all* John Lindsay's fault. . . . And in the book section, it's Great Leaders time—Charles I, Lenin, Bobby Kennedy, Warren G. Harding; also 10½ good movies.

■ This issue incorporates the Index to Volume XX of NATIONAL REVIEW, bound into the centerfold. We printed it that way so that it can be removed and added to your 1968 file, or else bandied around the coffee table as a separate item by guests dying to know what we've been up to all year. *Fascinating* reading.

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give him enough dole to keep him and his family alive, nor will it—if he is disabled by sickness—give him enough medical help to cure him. Moreover, if he has children, their future is even bleaker than his, as long as they remain where they are. So, what does he do? He scrapes together the price of a bus or a plane ticket and heads for the New Jerusalem on the Hudson. Given the same circumstances, I would do the same thing—as would Dr. van den Haag, I suspect.

My description of the "typical case" presupposes an item of critical importance: that our potential non-residence case be living in a Southern state or in Puerto Rico at the time of his disablement. I have never seen the actual figures, but I would guess that less than one per cent of our non-residence cases come from anywhere else. The failure of these areas to meet their own minimum welfare standards is the real cause of welfare migration, not the lack of residency laws. Only when the public assistance grants of the Southern states and Puerto Rico rise to a survival level will welfare migration naturally cease.

Brooklyn, N. Y. RICHARD C. RENE

Dr. van den Haag's Liberal-Conservative Dialogue #2 [Dec. 17] contains a few lines which are both unfair and unfactual. Probably the grossest and most unbecoming distortion was ". . . there is no medical reason for classifying contraceptive pills as prescription drugs except to increase the income of physicians." Let me say that the advent of oral contraceptives has not significantly increased anyone's income with the exception of the pharmaceutical houses. Further, there are extremely important reasons for not selling them as OTC ("over-the-counter") items. Most important is that the decision as to whom oral contraceptives are likely to harm is difficult enough for the physician; it would be most unrealistic to expect the average American woman to be able accurately to figure out for herself whether or not they were reasonably safe for her. Further, there is no reason to believe that those women who should not use oral contraceptives would necessarily refrain from doing so even if they understood the statistical likelihood of adverse effects. The high incidence of cigarette-smoking in spite of widespread knowledge as to its disastrous effects suffices to demonstrate this point.

THOMAS BLAIR CARLETON, M.D.
Gunnison, Colo.

It disturbs me no end to think that you people would allow such a glaring inanity as Ernest van den Haag's statement [Dec. 17] that the United States has come a long way toward ending poverty. To wit: "If we . . . classify as poor all those families . . . receiving (in dollars of 1964 purchasing power) less than $3,130 a year . . . we find that at the turn of the century

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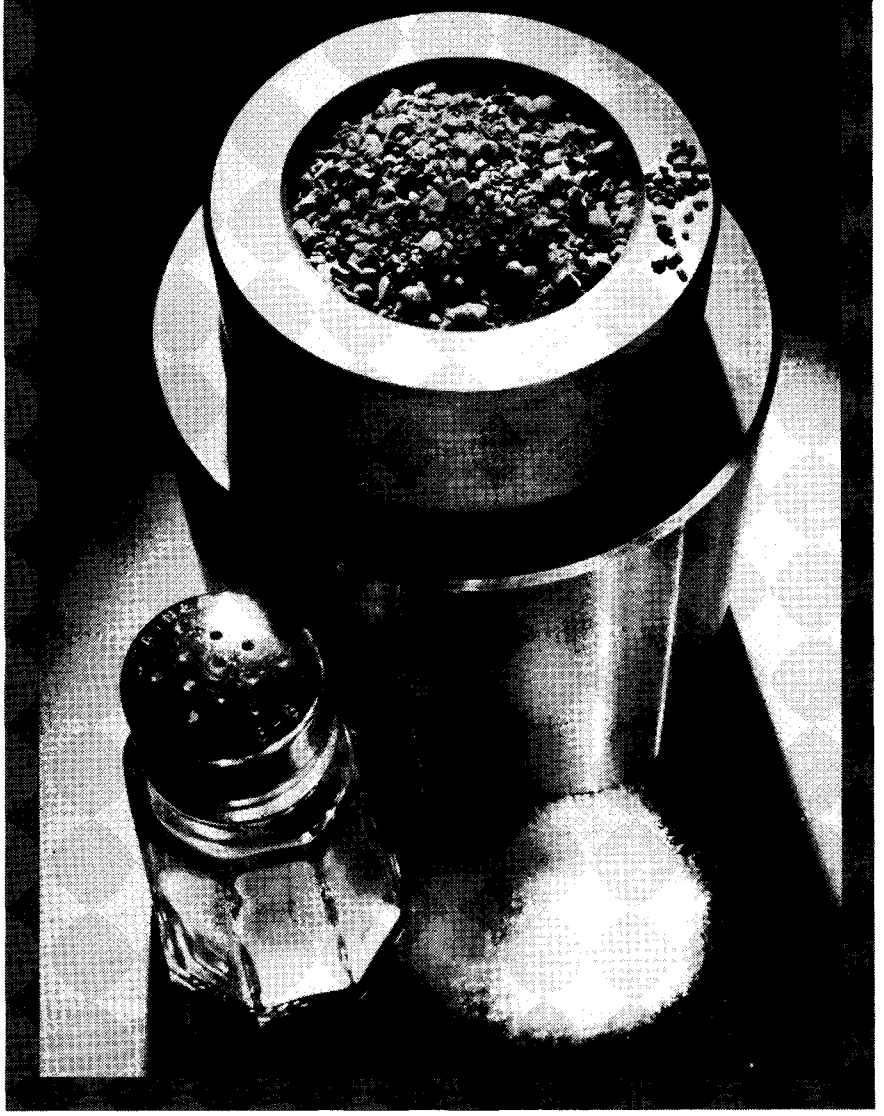

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nearly 90 per cent of all families were 'poor'; in 1920 about 50 per cent; . . . in 1967 about 11 per cent. . . . This is a performance never equaled anywhere, at any time. It is ignored by our intellectuals. . . ."

I feel sick. No wonder our intellectuals ignore it—who would want to bother with it? Naturally, in terms of 1964 money, anyone receiving less than $3,000 a year in 1900 was poor—they are now. Dr. van den Haag has used figures good for this decade to refer to an era which had its own price index, and as a result, his statement shows him to be incredibly ignorant.

Pittsburgh, Pa. EMIL RONALLO

Ernest van den Haag states that the poorest 11 per cent of our population "command much more purchasing power than 60 per cent of the families in the Soviet Union." I think his argument would have been much stronger had he pointed out that the poorest 11 per cent of our population command much more purchasing power than 99 per cent of the Aborigine families in Australia.

Hicksville, N. Y. GARY ERICHSON

Ernest van den Haag Replies:

Mr. Rene attributes to me the view that "welfare migration is caused by the absence of residency requirements." I do not hold that view, but I think that the presence of such requirements would reduce migration. As Mr. Rene points out, so would equalization of payments available in various regions. I'm in favor of both measures.

I agree with Dr. Carleton (et al.) that oral contraceptives may be as dangerous to some as cigarette smoking is to all, but I'm against selling cigarettes or the Pill on prescription only. Unprescribed sale of the Pill, unlike that of cigarettes, would have great benefits. I agree with Dr. Carleton that this would not solve the problem. I am satisfied with improving matters. Many among the poor, when contraceptives become more easily available, would reduce their fertility. Unlike some other correspondents, I do not feel that this involves dictating to anyone whether or not to have children. Rather, it enables the poor to do what the rich already do, namely to follow their conscience and their religion without being compelled.

Mr. Erichson misses the point, whether his intent is sarcastic or not.

Mr. Ronallo got overexcited and patronizing through a misunderstanding. I classify as poor those who get in any of the periods mentioned less than the purchasing power equivalent to that of $3,130 in 1964. Sorry I was not clear enough. Yet, since I measured in 1964 dollars both before and after 1964, Mr. Ronallo could have seen that the reduction of poverty I described did not depend on changes in the purchasing power of money.

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THE WEEK

■ The state of Infinity being what it is, six thousand scientists recently dropped their test tubes, sperm cells, and research assistants and converged in Dallas for the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Included in this astral assembly was Dr. Robert L. Sinsheimer, a biophysicist at the California Institute of Technology, who presented a case for what was termed "genetic manipulation"— between consenting adults, we like to think. GM involves a chromosomal re-structuring of natural genetic arrangements (and, consequently, of the forces of heredity and evolution) in order to treat various physical and mental defects and generally make us more, well—lovely to look at and delightful to know. To which Dr. David Daube, a professor of law at Oxford and a specialist in legal medicine, replied, "The safest course, I think, would be to lock all of you up."

■ Once again we shall observe the solemnity of a great congressional debate on tax reform. Wilbur Mills, who has been chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee since 1843, will tell us once again that the tax law should be reformed, and once again he will preside over a further complication of its incomprehensibly intricate provisions and a further magnification of its endlessly proliferating bulk. And once again NATIONAL REVIEW will remind the Congress that the first and easiest and most longed-for reform is simplification, and that the essence of simplification is a reduction in the tax rates on income. The whole tax law could be abolished. Double exemptions. Eliminate deductions. Congress could levy a straight 19 per cent impost on personal income from whatever source. The Government's revenues would remain unaltered in the first year of such reform, and in succeeding years the rates might indeed have to be lowered, because economic growth would without doubt generate tax revenues faster than even a Government infested with terminal profligacy could spend them. *The key to reform is simplification. The essence of simplification is reduction of rates.*

■ The purpose of taxation is to raise revenues. It is not the purpose of taxation to control the economy. NATIONAL REVIEW pointed out last June 4 (p. 530) that the federal income tax surcharge then being debated would not serve its announced purpose of thwarting inflation. Five months later, when the Federal Reserve Board showed signs of learning from experience, and adopted other methods to stop inflation, the tax surcharge remained unquestioned. Now we have been watching Messrs. Johnson and Nixon play politics with the question of continuing the surcharge. As an anti-inflationary device the surcharge is useless, as we foresaw and as experience has proven. As a symbolic gesture of Washington's willingness to discipline itself, the surcharge would be useful if, and only if, it were part of a consistent package of measures that must include a balanced budget, a stabilized money supply, freely fluctuating interest rates, a free market for gold bullion, and so on. In the absence of a well conceived program to recruit the dollar at home and abroad, the tax surcharge is nothing but another sop to a government that has gone out of control.

■ The selection of Frank Shakespeare as head of the United States Information Agency is among the happiest developments since election day. Mr. Shakespeare will astonish the USIA because, mirabile dictu, he *likes* America. He is a man of enormous skills, vitally concerned for his country, and for the survival of the great traditional values. And, having served as an important official in CBS, he knows how to merchandise the goods. The goods, let's face it, are America—the best of America, there being no particular reason to use public funds to inform the rest of the world about the worst of America. That is done in our behalf vigorously, very well indeed, and at absolutely no expense to us, by the world's press.

■ In its annual analysis of the voting records of all Republican members of the House of Representatives, the American Conservative Union showed that on almost half of the key roll calls, thirty "liberal Republicans" handed victory to the Democrats by bolting the majority GOP position. In announcing the 1968 scores, the ACU said that this should be "a warning to President-elect Nixon that one of his most serious problems with the new Congress may be defection from the Republican ranks." Among the worst offenders: Congressmen Gude (Md.), Fulton (Pa.), Halpern (N.Y.), Horton (N.Y.), Morse (Mass.), Stanton (Ohio), Reid (N.Y.), Cahill (N.J.), McDade (Pa.), and Stafford (Vt.).

■ Things are looking slightly better at strike-bound, strife-torn San Francisco State College since John Coyne's article ("The Siege of San Francisco State," p. 67) went to press. SFS President S. I. Hayakawa has maintained his hard line against New Left demands, and support for rebellious students is waning. Local newspapers abandoned the revolutionists' cause when nightriders threw a firebomb into the bedroom of Professor Edward Duerr, a Hayakawa supporter. The American Federation of Teachers, which has been pro-strike all along, now is not so sure. The teachers are afraid of losing their jobs, and they were angered last week when rebel students roughed up some AFT members who had refused to violate picketing rules. The doughty President Hayakawa, who has begun secret talks with the black students on campus, may yet stitch his college back together again.

■ The 1.1 million votes rolled up by New York State's Conservative Party in November's senatorial election (James L., brother of William F., was the candidate)

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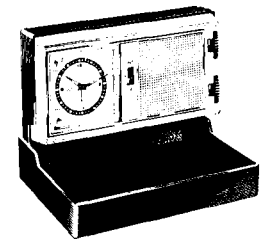

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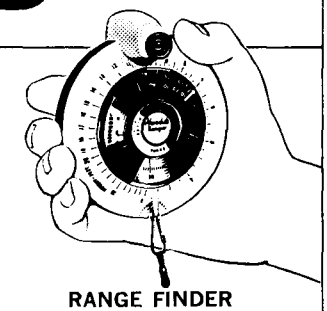

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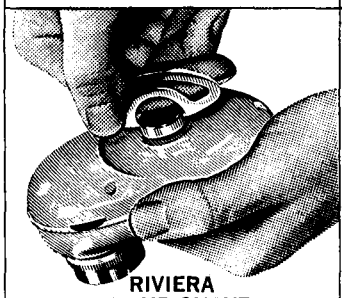

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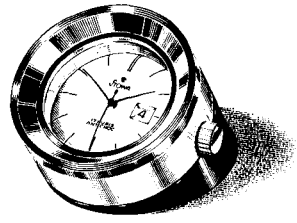

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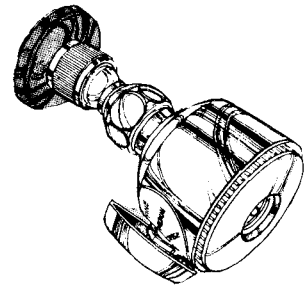

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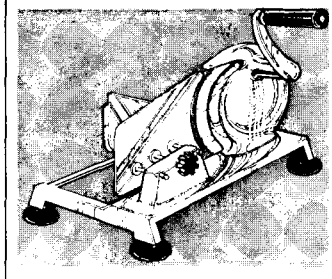

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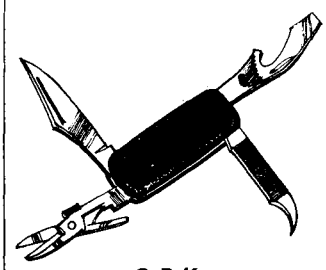

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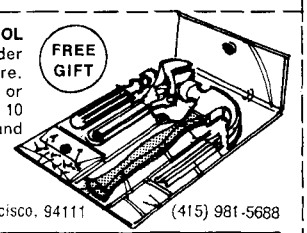

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have finally caught the eye of the state's liberal Republican establishment. Rumors in Albany have it that certain legislators, with Governor Rockefeller's support, are preparing a bill that would prevent any candidate from accepting the nomination of more than one party. Such a law is aimed at wiping out the influence of the Conservatives, who wield power by giving/withholding endorsements to/from major party candidates who have/lack credentials as good conservatives. Big votes recently on the Conservative ticket have made the Party's endorsement crucial in some areas, and the Rockefeller Republicans, who don't like to see their candidates making overtures to the Right, want the practice stopped. Some legislators and jurists think the proposed bill is unconstitutional, since it would prevent a willing candidate and a willing and bona fide party from getting together. Some non-constitutionalists, among them liberal Republicans, will also be opposed to any change. Mayor Lindsay won the mayor's race in New York as the candidate of the Republican and Liberal parties, and, though the Liberals are a doddering group these days, Lindsay would like their backing again this year.

■ It's true, the United Nations didn't accomplish much in 1968 (can anybody think of anything constructive it did do?) but what it didn't do is fully reported. You can find it somewhere in the 157 billion 800 million words of copy (on 526 million pages) in five languages which are distributed to all delegations, all members of the Secretariat and all UN-accredited correspondents at a cost of only 3 million buckaroos.

■ Ah, Sweden. How we wish (just this one time) that we were Averell Harriman. Let's see. Hmm. "Gentlemen of the press, concerning the recent move by Sweden to establish diplomatic relations with North Vietnam, permit me to say in behalf of my government, that we are no more counting on Sweden to assist the cause of liberty now, than we counted on her to assist the cause of liberty during the great war against Adolf Hitler, which Sweden sat out, comfortably trading with the enemy. It is unfashionable to remark the suicide rate of individual Swedes, which is said to be abnormally high. Is it also unfashionable to remark that the suicide of all of Sweden would long since have been accomplished except that other peoples have shown their willingness to keep the common enemy at bay?" Bravo, Ave! Didn't know you had it in you!

■ Averell Harriman chose a most curious parting shot from his Paris outpost last week, urging the American people to do no "talking about winning a war." One might have expected him to leave with a haughty word to defeatists back home that yes, he might not have achieved peace, but then the U.S. will never buy peace at a cost that would defeat American objectives in Vietnam. Perhaps this dogged determination not to win explains why the talks are still going on.

■ Whenever an American policeman—never mind the provocation—clubs, hits or is otherwise beastly to a demonstrator, we are reminded of the sharply contrasting behavior of the British bobby, who *always* controls the crowd without resort to force. Marches and demonstrations over there, it began to seem, were love-feasts between protestors and police. . . . Behold last week's London march to protest discrimination, Enoch Powell, Rhodesia and other evils. Before Rhodesia House, 5000 marchers confronted 500 police. The marchers linked arms and moved forward; fists flew, bottles were thrown, sign-poles were used as clubs, marchers were injured by police horses. All of which suggests not, mind you, that the London police have learned new techniques from their American counterparts, but that the London protestors have learned from theirs.

■ Kenyan authorities looking around for an easy buck notified a number of their Indian and Pakistani merchants a fortnight ago that they would have to close up shop. Some were told to close within a week or two; others were given several months to sell out and presumably move since merchandising is their prime talent. What happened? Chaos. Within a fortnight. Some merchants who have not been told they must get out have shuttered their shops and are staying home, hoping they won't get an eviction notice if they are not around to have one served. Other Indians, taking advantage of the confusion, have jacked up their prices and announced that they must sell everything. Now. At a loss. Banks are refusing credit to small business on the grounds that the imports the loans would pay for might not arrive and be sold before the loans are repaid. The small commerce of the country is grinding to a halt.

■ Herbert Rhodes is the chairman of the East Palo Alto (Cal.) Community Council. He is black and overwrought. Not because he says such altogether admirable things as that "Here we are, a black community with practically nothing; but we are going to survive and make this the showplace of the nation for black people." But because his quest for perfection has prompted him to crusade for a change in the name of his home town, and if

Yumping Yiminy

Not since Waterloo have Swedes
Soiled themselves with martial deeds.
No one seemed to suffer pains
Watching Bismarck rape the Danes.
Similarly, Sweden passed
When the crazy Kaiser massed.
Nor did Norway's awful fate
Make the Swedish escalate.
Finally, they've struck a blow!
Sweden's recognizing Ho.

W. H. VON DREELE

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we may say so, the name-changing bit is becoming rather a bore (have *you* ever spent an hour addressing "Mr. Ali"?). Anyway, Mr. Rhodes' point is unconvincing. He said that East Palo Alto "means east of the tall trees," to which he commented, "Now why should we have a name like that?" Well, why not? Sir, you know not the depths of paranoia. Because Mr. Rhodes sees the tall trees as symbols of rich white Protestants. As a matter of fact Palo Alto was named by poor Mexican Catholics, but never mind. Mr. Rhodes got his plebiscite on the question of changing the name of the city to "Nairobi." It was defeated by 3-1, i.e., the voters threw Nairobi on Rhodes—*nairobi,* we learn (and if you think such information is easily come by, you can check this one out), is Masai for Cold Water.

So Long Lyndon

The temptation is to sympathize with Lyndon Johnson, not only because he has borne great agony, but because his detractors have gone to barbaric lengths in criticizing him. Jules Feiffer, introducing a volume of hate-Johnson cartoons that appeared a year ago, explicitly applauded the progress in anti-Johnsonism from vigorous dissent to personal loathing. He took the trouble to explain to us that the "secret ingredient" of truly successful cartooning is "professional hate: the intensity of conviction that comes to a craftsman's work when he has made the decision to kill: a commitment to shun all political and behavioral complexities, so that the subject becomes, for example, not an overburdened leader struggling tragically with the agony of power, but purely and simply, a demon."

Demon, of course, Lyndon Johnson never was, notwithstanding hackneyed efforts so to depict him (Larry King), sustained effusions of hatred (Robert Sherrill), or sheer emotional sadism (Barbara Garson). But he was very wrong, in most of what he did. First and foremost Vietnam: wrong not in endorsing the commitment made by his predecessors, but in the equivocal manner in which he asserted America's interests. Those who say that it is hardly equivocal to plaster more bombs on North Vietnam than we plastered on Germany during the whole of the Second World War are monstrously irrelevant. The war is unwon—but might have been won if, as Walt Rostow points out, we had moved earlier than we did, more decisively than we did. The existing situation could be worse: we might have simply abandoned Asia, as Harry Truman very nearly did, finally drawing the line at the seventeenth parallel in Korea. But then in his anxiety to appease the doctrine of convergence, Mr. Johnson so successfully exorcised the Russian bear, that when it choked Czechoslovakia to death in the summer of 1968, Europe and the world were totally unprepared, the Atlantic Pact was in shambles, and even this arrant act of international Stalinism failed to revive the sense of realism that any world needs whose second greatest power is controlled by such people as control Russia. So that in the course of fighting Communists ineffectively in one part of the world, President Johnson succeeded in psychologically and even materially disarming the anti-Communist world.

On the domestic scene, Lyndon Johnson underwrote utopia at every level. Free false teeth, a Negro in every living room, and everyone a Ph.D. by 1985. The President who began his reign by dousing the lights in the the White House to teach us the virtues of husbandry, presided over a fiscal deficit in excess of $40 billion, a deficit which may yet catapult us into a depression, and is already responsible for the worst inflation since the Second World War. He began by begging for a tax cut, and ended imposing a surtax.

Just as we had finally proved that the Federal Government was not needed to finance public education, the Federal Government moved massively into the field, whence it will never depart.

The rise in irresponsible black militancy almost exactly coincided with the Government's capitulation to civil rights pressures which have not helped the Negro people, but which have jeopardized their second most valuable asset, the good nature of the white majority (the first asset being their own good nature) and pro-

The Sun, London — Ben Roth Agency

"The rumors are getting more serious. They say the government are not going to resign."

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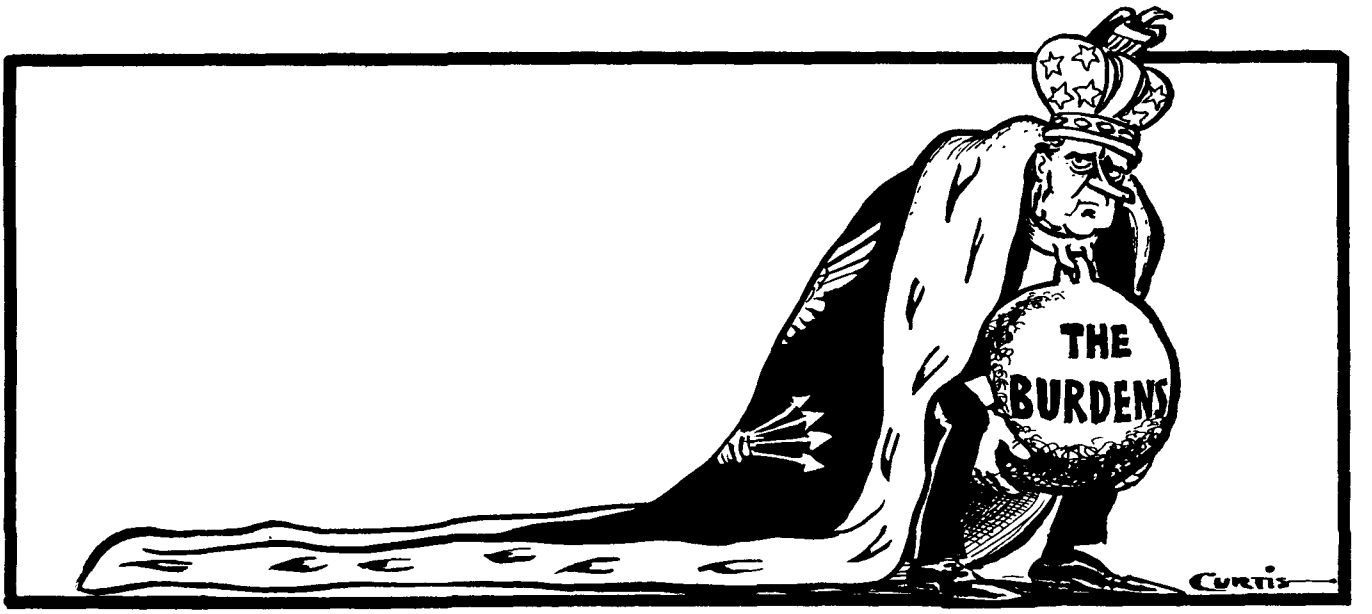

Imperial Trappings

pelled as "spokesmen" for the Negro people, ethical cretins who preach hatred, destruction, and despair.

The fault is not of course Lyndon Johnson's own, but that of the congeries of superstitions, deceits, evasions, and idealisms which are the essence of liberalism. Mr. Johnson will have time, at the University of Texas, to ponder his stewardship. He may grow to recognize how great were his mistakes, and how far-reaching. He will always be able to say to himself truthfully that he did his best. The fault lay not in him, whose personal weaknesses are neither greater nor less than those of a typical man, whose strengths are far greater than those of the typical man—the fault lay in his, in the nation's, ideological patrimony.

Eighty-eight Got Away

While Cuba's leaders were celebrating the tenth anniversary of Fidel Castro's triumphal march from the Sierra Maestra to Havana, a handful of his subjects were plotting their escape from the regimented hell that that once insouciant and fruitful island has become. Hollywood could have written the scenario: a humble truck driver, his nephew and their families, tired of the privations, the long hours of work, the shortages of food, the spiritual vacuum, the mental straitjacket that Communism imposes on its humblest citizens, preparing to risk imprisonment and death to win freedom. In the course of his work Delgado, the driver, met other men like himself: family men who were desperate, fugitives from the forced labor drafts and the impressment gangs for the militia. A plot was born and on the afternoon of January 8 or 9—the time is vague—Delgado and his family and some friends, twenty in all, started out from Havana. They drove 600 miles to the tip of the island where the U.S. naval base at Guantánamo lies. They picked up refugees enroute until the great trailer van—symbolically U.S.-made but powered by a Soviet diesel engine—arrived at the minefields, strips of plowed land, barren no man's land, guarded by barbed wire and concrete pillbox sentry posts, that in Cuba, as in Berlin, stand between Communist subjects and their freedom. Just before dawn, Delgado charged one of the pillboxes with his huge truck hoping to break through. The truck jacknifed spilling the 150 refugees onto the ground. Delgado's nephew, with the only weapon in the group—a pistol—opened fire and killed two sentries. He was shot down but continued firing and the diversion he caused enabled 88 of his companions, men, women and children, to scramble over the six-foot barbed wire fence to safety—while the Communist guards fired into their ranks, and the American marines on duty looked on helplessly, forbidden to fire back into Cuban territory.

Eighty-eight got out. Forty or fifty—no one knows exactly how many—were captured or killed. One two-year-old child was lifted across the fence to safety and freedom; his parents didn't make it.

Why had they taken such a chance? Most of them were simple people and they answered in simple terms. Not enough food. Too much work. No hope. No prospect of a better future. Said one eighteen-year old: "People are going mad in Cuba, they will do *anything* to get out."

Two days later, a 22-year-old American called Willis Jessie got off a plane from Mexico City in Miami and was taken in custody by the FBI. Jessie was wanted for kidnaping and hijacking. He was also an army deserter. Five months earlier he had rented a light plane in Florida, taken his two-year-old daughter along—he was separated from his wife and was taking the child for the afternoon—and flown to Havana. Now he had decided to return and face the many charges against him. Why? His answer was much like that of the Guantánamo escapees. I would do anything, he said, "rather than have my daughter brought up in a Communist land."

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Whither Welfarism?

New York City eats catastrophes for breakfast and always drinks at least two crises before lunch, so that the average New Yorker may fairly be said to have lost the ability to detect trouble in the offing. Everything is trouble. So what's new?

Well, would you be interested in the possibility that the entire national system of public welfare is in for a redesign job? The events of the past week point clearly in that direction. We have had the strictly Manhattan scandal of the Human Resources Administration, in which it is alleged that millions upon millions of dollars have been deflected from the channels of benefaction and added to the bankrolls of the administrators. But a simple story of merely local corruption is, of course, eaten for breakfast. What cocks the eyebrow is that the welfare mess in New York is only the tip of a national iceberg, and everyone knows it. No one knows how many scores of millions of dollars are appropriated each year to relieve distress. But any possessor of an almanac can tell you that if you divide the reported welfare budgets by the reported number of poor folk, all the poor folk would be rich. The welfare dollar simply isn't getting through to the people who need it.

The problem is structural, and the breaking point has been reached. Indiscriminate promises of welfare payments have swollen the ranks of welfare applicants in big cities. New York City is technically bankrupt. Politicians love to shunt the burden to other shoulders. Mayor Lindsay applies to Albany for more financial help. But Governor Rockefeller has fashioned his own politics with a wanton hand, hiring state employees and expanding state handout programs as if there were no today, much less tomorrow. Rockefeller, having trebled the budget and issued almost $10 billion of state debt (starting from scratch), sees the end of the line. In his annual message to the legislature, Governor Rockefeller admitted that the State of New York must henceforth rely upon the Federal Government.

The Inevitability of Teddy

That thud you heard was Russell Long.
He wasn't singing Teddy's song,
So (Zap!) the Senate leadership
Made Teddy Democratic Whip.
His mother says he favors Jack,
But, frankly, I detect a knack
For organizing lusty lobbies
In the Senate—just like Bobby's.
Unlike the graceful Japanese,
We've never worshiped dynasties.
Why's everybody so hell-bent
On making Teddy President?

W. H. VON DREELE

It so happens that the Federal Government has issued its share of promises and had its fling, too, at deficit financing. In the past ten years the politicians at the federal level have shunted the burden by exporting inflation (thanks to fixed exchange rates and the structural defects of the International Monetary Fund). Now the Free World has decided that the end has come; the foreign bankers are insisting that the U.S. put its house in order; the two-tier gold market has almost run its course. The problem of one social-welfare administrator in Manhattan will be solved, whether he likes it or not, at the coming meeting of the world's central bankers in far-off Geneva.

This does not foreshadow the end of welfare. It foreshadows the end of administrative profligacy of the current variety. If the lessons that are now to be learned are learned well, this may even foreshadow the coming of genuine welfare, as opposed to bureaucratico-demagogic welfarism. Don't look now, but that might actually be good news.

Into the Breach

There is always a forgotten man. In the nationwide campus rebellion, he is the student who—having paid his tuition—wishes to go to class, do his work and eventually graduate, equipped for gainful employment. On campuses racked by violent demonstrations, student strikes, takeovers of buildings by militants or helpless shutdowns by beleaguered presidents, he has a tough time finishing what he has set out to do.

The worm has occasionally turned, forming counter-committees and staging counter-demonstrations. Now, much more daringly, he is going to court: Twelve students at Columbia, where the violent carried it away last spring, have charged the university trustees with breach of contract. Having paid their tuition, say the twelve, they are entitled to "have the atmosphere of the university maintained in such a state of tranquility and calm as shall be conducive to studying and learning," to have classes and exams held on schedule, to have libraries and other facilities open at normal hours for orderly use "free from disruption by rowdy or disorderly students. . . ." That's not how it was at Columbia last spring—militant students, abetted by some faculty, forced cancelation of classes and examinations, closing of the library and other buildings, and cessation of university services. Then or later, the trustees failed to take effective disciplinary action.

The complaint traces the problem to its roots: In its faculty hiring, Columbia has practiced "political discrimination" against non-liberal professors; as a result courses have an "unremitting left-wing slant"; as a further result, "a large number of impressionable students have been radicalized, and turned into fanatic devotees of left-wing causes" and are "unwilling to respect the rights of students who disagree with them." Plaintiffs ask

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relief: Firing of the trustees or appointment of a watchdog body to safeguard the interests of non-radical students, as well as permanent injunctions against further breaches of contract and further discrimination in faculty hiring.

Though it may prove difficult to demonstrate at law, the connection between the academy's overwhelming leftist bias and its present troubles is obvious. On almost any campus, the faculty is divided between moderate left-wingers and extreme left-wingers—between professors who scratch and shuffle and make lame excuses for student violence, and professors who are right out there at the barricades with their young charges. But ideology aside, it is clear that at Columbia last spring and at San Francisco State, Brandeis and all the others today, the forgotten student who wishes to learn is not getting what he paid, or bargained, for. He is entitled to relief.

Mr. Wilkins on the Extremists

Roy Wilkins' courageous reprimand of the black militants needs to be carefully examined. In terms of the relationship of forces, he spoke words of moderation and for that reason alone he needs to be encouraged, deserves to be applauded. What he said, in reaction to the black extremists, is that what they had in mind would result in the reinstitution of Jim Crow, only this time at the urging of black people rather than white people. Well, he said, if it was unconstitutional once, it's unconstitutional again, and I (the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) will fight it tooth and nail in the courts.

And no doubt, on the purely constitutional issue, Mr. Wilkins is right, so long as we believe that if it is unconstitutional for whites to do X to blacks, then it is also unconstitutional for blacks to do X to whites. One point however needs to be retrieved from the general congratulations. It is this, that a permissive separatism—i.e., one which is uncoerced: where whites are genuinely free to mix with blacks and vice versa—is not intrinsically evil and surely not unconstitutional. The black movement has been infected by racists and haters, but the germ of the idea of some of these black leaders is by no means reprehensible. It is the idea of the development of black pride by reliance on black resources. That is the way other minorities made it up the ladder, and that will be the way the Negro community will make it up the ladder, and in our anxiety to bring back the dream of integration which finally exhausted itself against sociological realities, we must not estop the Negro from seeking other means of achieving his dreams. Integration is the goal: but the means of effecting integration are not necessarily learned from the adage that the best way to teach a child to swim is to drop him in the water. The process is gradual. And in the interim, all our primarily black schools must experience the pride and sense of direction that comes not from the feeling that most white people chose to go it alone, but that the black people chose to go it alone.

Arguments Against the War
(Any War)

It was an election year, and the country was badly split over a stalemated war. Delegates to the Democratic Convention met in Chicago in August 1864, amid rumors of impending violent protest by Southern sympathizers and other members of the peace faction. Before going to Chicago, a Copperhead militant, Clement Vallandigham, had been making speeches warning that a vast host of his followers would "defend, by whatever means the exigencies of the times shall demand, their natural and constitutional rights as freemen, at all hazards and to the last extremity." When the federal authorities took the precaution of increasing the military garrison in Chicago, some Democratic doves, in the words of historian Bruce Catton, "felt that this could only have been done for the purpose of suppressing their convention and thereby ending the last of America's civil rights." They therefore alerted an activist Copperhead group called the Sons of Liberty to "stand by to strike a blow for freedom," and their leadership expressed confidence in there being "a general uprising" during the Convention which would "result in a glorious success."

The uprising did not come, but street orators did put enough pressure on the convention to force it to adopt a peace plank which assailed Lincoln's "four years' failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war" and called for a "cessation of hostilities for the [purpose] of negotiation." (*N.Y. Times,* Sept. 21, 1864)

Against this background, the *New York Times* compared the anti-war arguments one of the Copperheads used with the arguments Benedict Arnold had used in opposing the war against Britain—and found they were exactly the same. The eight reasons Arnold had given, the *Times* said, were these:

1) Freedom of speech and press had been taken from the people.

2) Property had been appropriated.

3) Illegal imprisonments had occurred.

4) "Odious conscriptions" were being imposed.

5) ". . . peace, which might have been had, was refused."

6) ". . . the first objects in taking the field" had been abandoned.

7) The country had been "deluged with blood, and made a land of widows and orphans."

8) It was necessary to join Arnold in opposing the war "in order to close those afflictions and return to prosperity." (*N.Y. Times,* Sept. 19, 1864)

The *Times* editors concluded that these eight were the same arguments put forward by the opponents of *every* war. With the possible exception of No. 2, these are the same reasons given by the doves on Vietnam. Perhaps if the Hanoi government allowed open dissent, we would have heard the same arguments by peace marchers on their side as well. —J. JEFFRIES

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WANTED: readers who will use the card facing this page to introduce some friend of theirs to *National Review* now, while interest in the new Nixon administration is high. **You choose** the friend you think most likely to enjoy NR, then play this handy card for us: urge your friend to use it without delay to **try** NR (dare 'em, if that's what it takes!) We'll be glad you did (and so may your friend: remember, *you may be starting a lifelong friendship!*)

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Erratum

The obituary notice on Karl Barth published in the issue of December 31 was telephoned in by Dr. Will Herberg a few minutes before closing. The transcription was so misleading that we are re-publishing the correct version in its entirety, with apologies to Dr. Herberg.

Karl Barth, whose death at the age of 82 was reported on December 10, was (in Carlylean language) the Hero and Theologian. No systematic theologian since Thomas Aquinas achieved as much or revealed greater heights of creativity, fidelity, and imagination.

Karl Barth was a protagonist of the great revolution in theology that broke the spell of perhaps 200 years of liberalism and opened the way for a new and powerful critical orthodoxy in Protestant thought. Talking about God, he insisted, was not just talking about man in a loud voice. It is talking from a different center, on a different plane, in a voice though it may be human, yet paradoxically enough no longer simply human.

He was wont to speak of his theology as a theology of the Word of God, a threefold Word: the Word of God in Holy Scripture, the Word of God in authentic preaching, and, pre-eminently, of course, the Word of God incarnate in Jesus the Christ. God's Word comes as judgment to shatter all human pretensions, institutions, and ideas. But it comes also as grace to reconstitute them in a new form.

Karl Barth's Achilles' Heel was his social and political philosophy, if so it may be called. Though he said he found politics "fundamentally uninteresting," he never got over his early "religious socialism."

In the struggle against Nazi totalitarianism, he did valuable work theologically, but he could not maintain an even keel: he, in fact, began to preach the war as an outright "Holy War," forgetting his own teaching that even our best hopes and highest ideals are not to be identified with God, simply because we are men, not God. But when Communist totalitarianism emerged as a great threat after the conclusion of the Second World War, Karl Barth lapsed into a very equivocal neutralism. In all these matters, Barth was not a safe guy to follow, as many of his closest disciples realized.

Karl Barth worked on his magnum opus, *Church Dogmatics*, from the middle of his thirties to the day of his death. He was wont to say, with a reverent facetiousness so characteristic of him, that he was confident his life would be spared until he had completed the work, because he thought the Lord God would be interested to see how it all came out. If, as some have held, the Lord God is indeed interested in man's theologizing, we may venture to suggest that it is Karl Barth's mighty work of a lifetime that He would find of the greatest interest.

John Steinbeck, R I P

The novel of social protest is a not dishonorable genre, and among America's practitioners in the field John Steinbeck may have been the best. Protest novels are made of a kind of rhetorical disgust, which fulminates from a mind that is compassionate, progressive, but not critically endowed to the point where it worries much over distinctions. The good novelist in the genre does not write about the whys and the wherefores. He concentrates his energy on damning the thing itself. That *The Grapes of Wrath* was a classic of the type tells us much about its author. That the book was used by Communists and near-Communists to denounce American capitalism tells us not so much about what Steinbeck wrote —an indictment of a society that creates Hoovervilles— as about what he left out: historical facts that exonerate the free enterprise system in any fair assessment of the Great Depression. But if Steinbeck had made these points himself, and had jogged our memories closer to fact, his book would not have lived and his Nobel Prize would have gone to a lesser man, who wrote a lesser novel, but in the hyperbolic tones in which so many people remember those passionate times. And so we are grateful for John Steinbeck, and happy that in his later years he tempered his hatred of the System, even to the point of supporting an unfashionable war in Vietnam. And we mourn his passing.

The Post, R I P

Well shucks, runs the consensus, the *Saturday Evening Post* represented the vanished America of farmers, small merchants, church socials, and spooning on the porch swing; it couldn't survive in the age of jets, bombs, space, and riots. To be sure, it spoke in its heyday to conservative, godly, WASP America—but its audience was always intellectually and socially a cut or two above the *kitsch*-y Norman Rockwell folk on the cover. In its pages, millions of Americans read the likes of Booth Tarkington, John P. Marquand, Joseph Conrad, Edith Wharton and Theodore Dreiser.

By 1960, the *Post* was in decline; then came drift and embarrassing thrashings: super-kinky typography; a new format every year or so; half-baked muckraking that attracted more libel lawyers than readers; most recently, abandonment of half its subscribers to pare the list down to a "quality" market. And through all this the advertisers shied away, one suspects because of the hysterical efforts to attract them. Yes, the *Post* had so many million readers, but better, more stable magazines had as many millions. What the *Post* needed and didn't get in 1960 was what it got in 1897 when Cyrus Curtis bought a failing weekly devoted to bad poetry and truss ads, and gave it 1) massive transfusions of cash and 2) a brilliant, able editor, George Horace Lorimer, who made

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it the nation's leading magazine and kept it out in front for four decades.

And now, like *Colliers*, the *American* and *Liberty* before it, it is gone. Lest we forget, the *Post* was the last big-slick, general-interest magazine that was meant to be *read*, at leisure (though towards the end it tried to imitate *Look* and *Life*, which are meant to be seen). Yes, there were rising production costs; yes, the advertisers (sensing the decline in the *Post*'s quality) weren't buying; but more important, because of lack of firm editorial direction, Americans just didn't find much good reading in the *Post* anymore.

Notes & Asides

■ Typo of the New Year (from the *New York Times*, Jan. 15): "Mr. [John Paton] Davies was among the 'China hands' in the Department [of State] whom Senator Joseph R. McCarthy and others accused of having under-minded American policy towards China. . . ."

■ "Bill: Would you mention in Notes and Asides that the Index for 1968 which appears in this issue is available separately for $1? p."

"p: One *buck*! Why wouldn't it be cheaper just to buy another copy of the magazine?"

"B: It would be. p."

■ The binding machine slipped during the run of a recent issue with the result that some of our distinguished subscribers received, in lieu of the whole magazine, merely the front cover. Now if we could count on such a thing happening regularly to the *New Republic*, we'd subscribe.

■ *Fan mail:* Dear Mr. Buckley: I caught a bit of the flu after Xmas and I was coming out of it on New Year's Eve. As I still felt poorly, I stayed in and read your book, *The Jeweler's Eye*. Believe me I never had such a miserable New Year's Eve in so many ways in all of my 49 years.

L. J. MacDonald
Long Beach, Calif.

■ And, finally, the result of last year's "Prophet of the Year Contest." The contest was publicized during January, and contestants were asked to mark "True" or "False" after 25 assertions, to wit:

1. Lyndon Johnson was re-elected President. (False)
2. The Dow Jones industrial average is above 1,000. (False)
3. H. Rap Brown is in jail. (False)
4. Charles de Gaulle is no longer President of France. (False)
5. The official price of gold as offered by the U.S. Treasury is still $35 an ounce. (True)
6. In baseball the winner of the National League pennant won the World Series. (False)
7. Jacob Javits won re-election to the U. S. Senate. (True)
8. There are fewer U.S. soldiers in Vietnam than a year ago. (False)
9. Hugo Black is no longer on the U.S. Supreme Court. (False)
10. The nuclear nonproliferation treaty was approved by the U. S. Senate. (False)
11. Mao Tse-tung is dead. (False)
12. The British pound was devalued below the $2.40 rate set in 1967. (False)
13. Israel still controls the east bank of the Suez Canal. (True)
14. Kenya's President Jomo Kenyatta is dead. (False)
15. A British General Election was held in 1968. (False)
16. The Anglo-French Concorde jet project is canceled. (False)
17. The U.S. budget deficit for fiscal 1967/68 was more than $25 billion. (True)
18. Paul VI is no longer Pope. (False)
19. Richard Nixon was nominated for President by the 1968 GOP Convention. (True)
20. Dean Rusk is no longer Secretary of State. (False)
21. A General Election was held in India in 1968. (False)
22. Barry Goldwater won election to the Senate by more than a 3 to 2 majority. (False)
23. The winner of the Kentucky Derby paid more than $10 for a $2 ticket. (False)
24. In the November election the GOP increased its representation in the House by more than 50 seats. (False)
25. Wm. F. Buckley Jr. ran for political office in 1968. (False)

The Stakhanov Prize goes to one lady who entered no less than fifteen times! Alas, she wasn't even close.

Three contestants missed only a single prediction. Two of them the same one, predicting that Lyndon Johnson would be re-elected as President. The third mistakenly predicted that the winner of the National League pennant would win the World Series.

The clairvoyants of the year are: Roger A. Seminara of Tarrytown, New York; Stephen J. Herman of Rockville, Maryland, and Jacob R. Johnson of Mountain View, California. To each of them the heartiest congratulations of the editors and (more important), a check for $166.66, i.e., one-third of the $500 prize.

The Prophet of the Year Contest for 1969 will be announced shortly. **—WFB**

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REPORT FROM BRANDEIS

The Black Power Play

DAVID BRUDNOY

PRESIDENT Morris Abram of Brandeis didn't get tough at once, didn't tell the Negro students who had taken over Ford Hall to get out, and now he's stuck. Abram, vigorous, bright, a comer in New York Democratic politics, traded the New York hubbub scene last fall for the quiet life of scholar as head of this twenty-year old "nonsectarian" Jewish college, succeeding the founder, Abram Sachar. Sachar, an old-school authoritarian, remembered most by the bearded undergrad types for his "infamy" in not granting life-tenure to Herbert Marcuse (bless you, Mr. Sachar), probably would have called in the police in twenty minutes, "preserving intellectual integrity," etc. Millions of middle-class American Jews would have felt "their" university saved; SDS would have yelped; the Negro children would have been ousted from Ford Hall; sanity would have triumphed.

And now? The "copophobia" at Brandeis reigns supreme. Abram's faculty support (158-18) — We're with you, Chief, Do Something (but nothing forceful)—will evaporate if the "blue fascists" appear, according to *every* professor (12) and student (58) with whom I talked today. Professor David Fischer, brilliant young historian, "astonished at the degree to which the students are bigoted against the faculty—utterly irrational," sees the "faculty moving to the right." But he and others see Abram's plight: if the Irish fuzz appear, it's all over. Most of the whites at Brandeis are acknowledged leftists.

Graduate student Ed Schwartz, recent ex-president of the National Student Association, heading a corps of about three hundred whites (his guess), says, "Abram *must* give in; no cops, no expulsions, no closed school!" The Negro students wouldn't talk, except one, who stuck his head out of Ford to tell me, "We [*sic*] ready to stay till May; mother---- whitey can shove it." History grad student Howard Rossman favors the demands, feeling that the administration welshed on its word (given in the April post-assassination *mea culpa*); so, says Rossman, the "blacks are taking what they deserve." Two undergrads of Puerto Rican descent, Julia Irizarry and Irma Almirall, are torn between being "inside Ford, standing with our black brothers, and going to class." Several white girls were in tears because "classes are going on, GOING ON, and they're in Ford suffering [*sic*]." It's glum in old Waltham these days.

The "outside agitators" are there in force, from Negro Roxbury and local SDS chapters. Jack Fahey and Marc Alabaster of Northeastern U. (Alabaster was one of my students there) were out, of course favoring all ten demands. To Fahey, SDS mahatma: "If Abram doesn't give in, anything he does is irrelevant. Anything!" The opinion is widespread. At first, according to Marvin Meyers, chairman of American Civilization (who, with the rest of the faculty, went into the dorms Wednesday night to get student views), the kids were "civil, serious, decent, polite, concerned, caring for Brandeis, for education in general, hoping for a decent solution, free of force." But now, says sophomore Ian Lustick, though the Negro "tactic was terrible, nationalistic excess, the SDS and their allies will explode if the demands aren't met."

Former LBJ adviser John Roche sees the Negro tactic as "gut-logic Romanticism, Nietzschian revolutionaryism." To Roche, the whole incident is a "familiar scenario, well-laid out in advance," the soft-liners tenderizing Abram, then the "hard-liners" using "negotiation as a weapon system."

Left-wing Professor Donald Hindley says Abram is over a barrel: *anything* he does will lose him support. Though their demands are "preposterous, literally un-negotiable, like their methods," Hindley (who contributed to the Transition Year Program to bring unprepared Negroes to Brandeis this year) favors giving the students two undisturbed weeks. A few hard-line professors want force now (and *no more unprepared Negro students*); a few more wanted force the other day (when it might have worked).

Do these young people want an education? Or a confrontation? In this, one of the most liberal campuses in America, the pinch is hurting. Where have all the idealistic hopes gone? The 75 Negro squatters, torn between a desire for action, perhaps a minor quest for education, and fear of losing "machismo," are pawns now of the hundreds of white radicals having a field day fighting their mothers back in Queens by being obnoxious on campus.

Professor Meyers, distressed by the "muddle-headed generation" — bright, capable kids gone ape over "existenz," thinks "the crime of it is *not* merely interrupting conveniences — that's bad, but minor—but rather the interruption of the educational function of a great school." Meyers, one of the most thoughtful and cogent of those I talked to, feels "we're well past the point where Brandeis must lay down rules and enforce them: we *must* take a stand, though the students will be upset." Meyers is not one of the many who favor closing down the school rather than call in help. If negotiation doesn't work, Meyers feels Abram might let them stay in Ford Hall, but tell them they've had it at Brandeis; as Abram seemed to have done when he suspended them a week ago.

IS ROCHE RIGHT when he says "the faculty will not be blackmailed"? I doubt it. The students demand a free hand: to "hire and fire black teachers," a "black studies department," year-round recruitment of "black students, intensive black recruitment in black newspapers for black students and teachers," a "black studies building," visiting "black lecturers, like LeRoi Jones and Ron Karenga," "African visiting professors of a darker hue and a third-world view," "black persons allowed to teach and gain tenure here without a B.A., M.A., or Ph.D.—if competent," many more "black fellowships [for King and/or Malcolm X]." They wrap up their "Clarification of Black Demands" with a pledge of solidarity with the "struggle" at San Francisco State. It's incredible reading, but I'd wager that most of it will eventually be promised. If so, Brandeis is through. If not, can Brandeis continue to exist? It's *my* school, too, and I don't know what to do either. □

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ON CAMPUS AND OFF

The Siege of San Francisco State

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

For a happy moment or two, it almost seemed possible. A band of shrieking grotesques milled around a truck parked at the entrance to San Francisco State College. Atop the truck New Leftists screamed oaths and obscenities through sound equipment. "Close it down," they shouted. "F--- the racist pigs."

Suddenly, a small, elderly Japanese-American wearing a wildly colored tam-o'-shanter pushed through the crowd. Dr. Samuel Ichiye Hayakawa, San Francisco State's best-known professor and its new acting president, was on hand to back up his promise that activists would not close the campus down. Dr. Hayakawa climbed up onto the truck, knocked a militant who tried to interfere with him to the ground (Hayakawa is 62 and weighs 145 pounds), and disconnected the wires of the sound equipment. (The New Leftists, of course, were unable to hook the wires back up again.)

As Hayakawa climbed down and walked calmly back to his office, residents of San Francisco and most of the college's 18,000 students allowed themselves a brief feeling of hope. It was almost as if John Marquand's old hero, Mr. I. A. Moto, had been brought back from the dead, once again to straighten out a mess complicated by the blundering of fuzzy-headed Yankees. As December dragged along, however, it began to seem that guts alone (and Hayakawa surely has more of these than any other college president in America) would not be enough. For S. I. Hayakawa is not only single-handedly fighting a war against a determined band of New Leftists. He is also battling his own faculty, numerous publicity-hungry black community leaders such as Dr. Carlton B. Goodlett (rumor has it that Goodlett wants to become the first Negro president of a non-Negro college), and most of the Bay Area press. Against such odds, and without more direct support than he has at present, it will be a near-miracle if Dr. Hayakawa succeeds in breaking the siege of San Francisco State.

The war at SFS has raged for more than a year. In 1967, a band of militant blacks, exercising their democratic right to dissent, invaded the campus newspaper office and severely beat the editor. They were then suspended. As a result, SDSers and other activists broke into the administration building and destroyed whatever came to hand. John Summerskill, president since 1966, recoiled from the idea of punishing anyone. Instead, he closed down the college and thought things over for a few days. As the violence increased, he took the only sensible course of action open to him. He resigned to accept a job in Ethiopia.

Dr. Robert Smith, Summerskill's successor, stuck it out for seven months. As riots raged around him, he delivered long nervous speeches which no one could understand, probably the only reason he lasted as long as he did. (Smith's rhetoric has much the same

quality as the prose of C— term papers in educational measurement courses.) But in September, Smith was badly mauled by a Black Panther named George Murray. Murray, like his fellow felines an outspoken advocate of Caucasian slaughter, urged students in a widely publicized speech delivered from a cafeteria table top to buy guns and bring them to campus. The State College trustees were not made merry by Murray's rather drastic program of educational reform, however, and they ordered Smith to fire him from his job as a teaching assistant in the English Department. (The English Department is one of the hotbeds of campus militancy. Hayakawa has blamed much of the trouble on "inflamed literary imaginations.") The attack on Murray inflamed the literary imaginations even more, and the Black Student Union (an academic wing of the Black Panther Party), the Third World Liberation Front, and the SDSers redoubled their efforts to close down the campus. And to complicate matters as much as possible, the radicals presented the administration with fifteen "non-negotiable" demands.

These demands are similar to those being made of administrators across the country. Demand number three, for instance, asks that "there be a Department of Black Studies [with emphasis on the American Negro] which will grant a Bachelor's Degree in Black Studies." (One disgruntled student at SFS vows that if this demand is granted he and his friends will press for a degree program in Irish-American Studies.) The demand further requests, in typically temperate language, that "the Black Studies Department . . . have the sole power to hire and fire without the interference of the racist administration." (Good point, says our Irish-American militant. His Uncle Tim never went to high school, but he sure as hell can tell a good Irish story, especially after a drop of the poteen. A natural for the faculty of the Department of Irish-American Studies.) Demand number five asks that "all black students who wish . . . be admitted in fall 1969." (Administrators can take heart here. When the Department of Irish-American Studies is established, they will have a legitimate way of getting the police on campus.)

It is obvious that by making these demands "non-negotiable," the SFS militants intend to put the administration into an impossible position. For the administrators simply cannot meet these demands. To do so would require that they break laws set down by the California Legislature, and the Legislature funds the State Colleges and pays the salaries. What the militants really want, then, is to destroy the college. This should be apparent to anyone who takes the time to think about the fifteen demands, even to a faculty member.

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But to expect the faculty to see the obvious is as silly as to expect brotherly love to become the keystone of Albanian foreign policy. Some of the SFS faculty quietly support Hayakawa, of course, but those who make the most noise are solidly behind the militants. These teachers, men such as Dr. William Stanton, one of those rather pitiful old birds who like to think the kids love them because they're young at heart, belong to the American Federation of Teachers, an organization for lower-caste academics who lack the equipment to get raises, advancement and tenure through normal channels. (Stanton was just denied tenure at SFS because of unsavory activities. The same thing happened to him a few years ago at San Jose State.) The AFT is no larger or more effective at SFS than it is at other campuses. The difference, however, is that the members of the SFS chapter make their presence felt. They picket alongside the militants daily, they shout obscenities with the best of the SDSers, and they are photographed and interviewed by the media more than any other group on campus. Thus, the average San Franciscan (or for that matter the average student), who has no way of knowing that people like Professor Stanton are embittered academic rejects, gets the impression that the professors dislike Hayakawa as much as do the militants. This does Dr. Hayakawa's cause little good.

And then there is the press. The atmosphere at a Hayakawa press conference is palpably hostile, and news stories about him are routinely slanted. This hostility is hard to explain. Perhaps it's because newsmen sense *hubris* or perhaps because Hayakawa is so obviously more quick-witted than they. At any rate, they don't like him. And he does not understand the prerogatives of the press. Recently, for instance, he was asked to appear on a local television station to discuss the strike issues. He was given little chance to present his side of the story, however, and after listening for twenty minutes to hostile remarks, he simply got up and walked out of the studio. Now one just does not do this to the media men. But Hayakawa is not wise in the ways of the press, and as if to underline this he expressed a rather touching dismay during a December 11 news conference that men of such intelligence and abilities would lend themselves to distortions. ("We get criticized just as strongly by the strikers," responded one newsman, thus neatly equating Hayakawa's position with that of the extremists.)

BUT DESPITE THE ODDS against him, Hayakawa is a tough man and a good man, and if he goes down he will go down fighting. And no one should underestimate the significance of his battle. This may be the most important war ever waged by the New Left on the West Coast. They came out of the Berkeley Moses Hall fiasco badly discredited, and in order to salvage what prestige they still enjoy among students they must win this one. If they are beaten by one diminutive Japanese semanticist who at present holds his college together single-handedly, they may never be able to stage another effective confrontation in Northern California. And so they are throwing in the troops. New Leftists from Fairbanks to Guadalajara are daily landing on campus, and militant sympathizers around the state are doing their bit. They have rioted at the City College of San Francisco, formerly one of the quietest places this side of Sleepy Hollow, and at the College of San Mateo militants broke into the president's office and beat him. And there have been concerted acts of arson and demolition on campuses across the state during the past few weeks.

It has become a cliché to say that national trends are set in California. There is usually some truth in clichés, however, and if there is truth in this one then the outcome of the siege of San Francisco State may well have national implications. If Hayakawa wins, administrators across the country may well decide to take the hard line. If he fails, the New Left and its new black-militant allies may attempt to institute a reign of terror on campuses which will make Columbia look like a tea party.

Hayakawa is a clever strategist. On December 13, in a surprise move, he announced that Christmas vacation at SFS would begin a week early, thus defusing a potentially explosive rally of AFT members and student militants scheduled for Monday, the sixteenth. Time lost will be made up by extending the semester. Thus, he has bought some extra time, and if he can use it to muster some solid support he may yet win. But even if he fails, he will have fought a glorious fight. Hayakawa has one flaw. He is a liberal, and as such is a bit too ready, despite what he has been through, to view his opponents as basically good men who can eventually be reasoned with. This may ultimately prove fatal. And, of course, as a liberal he is precluded from thinking in terms of absolute values. This is a pity, for one would like to tell him that what he is doing is really being done in the name of right and good. But perhaps, deep down inside, he knows this. □

"I'll take that section."

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ELECTORAL REFORM

Electoral reform is in order, says Mr. Wilmerding
He thinks further that this is not the way
the Founding Fathers wanted it and suggests three
alternatives to the present system

What to Watch Out For

LUCIUS WILMERDING

ON NOVEMBER 8, 1968, three days after the Presidential election, Senator Birch Bayh of Indiana, chairman of the Senate judiciary subcommittee on constitutional amendments, remarked that the nation had had "a brush with catastrophe." And he was quite right.

It was a near thing. Had the November election proved inconclusive and the choice of a President been referred on January 6 to the newly-elected House of Representatives, the legislative powers of the national government might have been suspended in their exercise for many weeks, even for many months, while the House—precluded by the Constitution from considering any other business until its "immediate" task was done—struggled to find 26 state votes in its fifty state representations. Inauguration Day, January 20, might have come and gone without a President to inaugurate.

The catastrophe was averted, but the narrow squeak has aroused more than the usual interest quadrennially shown by the public in the entire subject of electoral reform. Recognizing the knock of opportunity, Senator Bayh has announced his intention to strike "while the iron is hot." And Representative Emanuel Celler of New York, chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, has said: "There has been a lot of talk but no action. I propose to do something."

But what, if anything, *ought* to be done? Four distinct proposals have been made: 1) to abolish the Presidential Electors, while retaining the Presidential electoral votes; 2) to abolish the electoral votes allocated to the several states on the principle of state equality, while retaining those allocated to them on the principle of numerical equality; 3) to write into the Constitution a uniform mode of voting for President better designed to make that officer "a man of the people" than the mode of block voting currently written into the laws of every state; and 4) to change the rule of voting for President by states in the House of Representatives for some method of deciding the contingent election less anti-republican in its principle and less calamitous in its operation.

'Faithless' Electors

These proposals are not, however, of equal importance. To amend the Constitution for the sole purpose of getting rid of the Electors would be frivolous and undesirable—frivolous, because the dangers to be apprehended from the agency of unfaithful Electors are remote and miniscule; undesirable, because the advantage would be prevented that might sometimes be got from the agency of faithful ones.

If, for example, the 1968 election by the people had failed, the Wallace Electors, realizing that the first choice of their constituents was utterly hopeless, might on December 16 have substituted in the electoral vote the name known to be their second choice, and so made Nixon President. Would not such a summary proceeding have been vastly preferable to a reference of the Presidential question to the dilatory arbitrament of the House, voting by states in January?

The problem of the Electors is secondary. The considerations that bear on it depend on the changes that might be made in the other parts of the electoral system.

Few words need be wasted on the idea of amending the Constitution for the sole purpose of depriving each state of the two electoral votes to which it is not entitled on the basis of population. It is obvious that the federal rule works to the advantage of the small states. In the House of Representatives New York has 41 members, and Delaware one. In the Electoral College New York has 43 members, and Delaware three. But nothing is more certain than that the small states will not give up this advantage without an equivalent.

And what equivalent can the large states give? Here we come to the central question of electoral reform: they can surrender, not to the small states but to the people in the nation at large, the power that they have arrogated to themselves of voting for President by general ticket.

The general ticket is the name commonly given to the system under which the Presidential candidate who receives the greatest number of popular votes within a state is credited with the whole number of its electoral votes. For many years it has been employed by every state in every Presidential election.

This system, it should be observed, is not prescribed by the Constitution. It

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was forced into our institutions early in the nineteenth century by the state legislatures as a means of enhancing state power, or, in the words of Madison, "as the only expedient for baffling the policy of the particular states which had set the example." Adopted by every state to enable it to consolidate its votes, it was—to quote another experienced statesman—"the offspring of policy, and not of any disposition to give fair play to the will of the people."

Invitation to Fraud

While it would be too much to say that the general ticket system violates the letter of the Constitution, it is plainly inconsistent with its spirit and intention. As the worthy just quoted—Senator Thomas Benton of Missouri, one of President Kennedy's heroes—long ago pointed out:

> The Constitution, in giving to each Elector a separate vote, instead of giving to each state a consolidated vote composed of all its electoral suffrages, clearly intended that each mass of persons entitled to one Elector, should have the right of giving one vote [for President], according to their own sense of their own interests.

Be that as it may, the tendency of the general ticket system is to annihilate the right of the people resident in the small states to participate in the election of a President, and to give the power of making a President exclusively to the people resident in the large states.

This is a point that should be clearly understood. A simplified example may serve to illustrate it. Let it be supposed that the Union consisted only of New York and the six New England states and that each state had precisely the same number of electoral votes as it has now. The aggregate would be eighty votes of which New York would cast 43 and the New England states thirty-seven. The dominant majority in New York would determine the outcome of every election. In New England the votes of majorities and minorities alike would be meaningless.

In a union of fifty states the mathematics are more complex, but the oppressive power of the large states remains. A combination of large states, by throwing all their votes into the scale of a particular candidate, can bring into the Presidency a man other than the one preferred by the nation at large.

To explain the operation of the general system is to expose its fundamental error. Jabez D. Hammond, a nearly forgotten Representative from New York, put the matter very well in 1816:

> Sir, the question of who shall be elected President is not a state but a national question. The President is an officer who exists for the benefit of the people of the United States and not for any one state or any part of the states. He ought, therefore, to be created by the people. . . . A great state cannot claim, because she is great, that she should furnish a Chief Magistrate for the people.

The general ticket system infringes not only the rights of the people in the small states but also the rights of minorities in every state. In the election of a national officer it is necessary to add up the votes cast for each candidate by majorities in some states and by minorities in others in order to ascertain who has a genuine majority of the whole. It is senseless and unjust to count the votes cast in any state against a candidate as if they had been cast for him.

Fallacious in principle, the general ticket system is also productive of many evils in practice. It invites fraud, especially in the large, politically divided states, where the purchase or manufacture of a relatively few popular votes can transfer the whole number of a state's electoral votes from one candidate to another.

It magnifies the effect of accident in every hotly contested state by making the disposition of all its votes depend on any of the myriad casualties of fortune—stormy weather on election day, for example, which keeps more rural than urban voters from the polls.

In a system which defies the laws of arithmetic by adding where it should subtract and subtracting where it should add, these evils may be discounted. They are as likely to correct inequities as to aggravate them.

Wrong Pivot

But there are other evils. The general ticket system makes the selection of candidates by the great national conventions turn on the wrong pivot. It causes them to seek out the man most wanted by the people of the large doubtful states rather than the man most wanted by the nation at large.

It introduces an element of force into the determination of national policy by encouraging the two great parties to make ill-considered promises, express or implied, to powerful pressure groups in the large doubtful states—in harsher words, to hawk policy for votes.

The catalogue might be continued

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but perhaps enough has been said to establish a prima facie case for breaking up the general ticket system. It remains to examine the proposals that have been put forward to that end, and, in particular, the one that is most likely to engage the attention of the present Congress—to wit, the system of nationwide popular voting.

Three major plans of reform have been proposed: the proportional voting system, the district system, and the national plebiscite.

New Evils for Old

The first would require each state to divide its electoral votes among the several candidates for President in direct proportion to the number of popular votes cast for each by the qualified voters within the state.

The second (in its purest form) would require a state to divide itself into a number of geographical districts equal to the number of its electoral votes, each district to contain approximately the same number of souls, and would give to the qualified voters in each district the right of casting one vote for President according to the sense of its own majority.

The third would get rid of the whole apparatus of electoral voting and commit the election of the President immediately to the qualified voters in the nation at large.

Each of these proposals would effectively remove all or most of the evils incident to the general ticket system. But it does not follow that they are equally desirable.

The proportional voting system is founded on a principle of representation, very fair in appearance but very rotten in reality. This is the principle of PR—proportional representation—that has worked so badly wherever it has been tried. While none of its evils might be felt if its application could be confined to the distribution of each state's electoral votes, disaster would certainly follow its extension to the distribution of each state's representation in Congress. And the better the system worked in relation to the election of the President, the more likely its extension to the election of Representatives in Congress. The arguments in favor of proportional representation are precisely the same in both cases, and would be powerfully reinforced by the establishment of a precedent. In short, the proportional voting system must be looked upon as a wonder drug which, like thalidomide, will cure the illnesses for which it was compounded but may produce a monstrous birth.

The district system, which, according to Madison, "was mostly, if not exclusively, in view when the Constitution was framed and adopted," would, on the other hand, introduce no new principle into our institutions, for it is now used in the election of Representatives. Such objections as have been made to it are either invalid or trivial; and it would be an acceptable remedy. One might affirm, with Alexander Hamilton, that "if the manner of it be not perfect, it is at least excellent."

But the system that is most likely to be debated in depth by Congress and the public is the national plebiscite. It has many obvious advantages. It would sweep away at once all the bizarre and mystifying forms with which the Constitution and the laws of the several states have covered the substance of an essentially simple operation. It would fix the election of the President on a uniform principle, not susceptible of alteration by the several state legislatures. It would make that principle national rather than federative. In addition, it has the merit of being perfectly understood by the people, who use it in the election of governors and mayors; and, if the public opinion polls can be trusted, it is the mode of election desired by the people themselves.

Another point, generally overlooked both by the advocates and opponents of a national plebiscite, is that a nationwide popular election of the President would be wholly consistent with the other parts of the Constitution. A reading of the debates of 1787 will show that by the end of July the members of the Federal Convention were agreed that the most eligible mode of election was by the people at large. The principal difficulty with respect to it arose from the disproportion of qualified voters in the Northern and Southern states and the disadvantages which this mode would throw on the latter. But this objection was not regarded as insuperable. As Madison remarked, the disproportion would be continually decreasing under the influence of republican suffrage laws introduced in the Southern states; and in any case local considerations must give way to the general interest.

What the Founders Wanted

In the end the difficulty was obviated by the adoption of the scheme of electoral voting which gave each state, regardless of its suffrage laws, a weight in electing a President proportioned to its population. Not foreseeing the pernicious measures that would be

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taken by the state legislatures to defeat their intention, the Founding Fathers almost to a man imagined that they had produced the equivalent of a pure elective magistracy, and many of them declared this belief, before, during, and after the adoption of the Constitution by the states.

The defenders of the general ticket system—mostly the lobbyists of the sections of the electorate that derive substantial and immediate benefits from its inequities—have produced three principal arguments in support of it and against any reform whatsoever.

'Arrant Heresy'

The first is founded on the idea that the establishment by national compulsion of any uniform mode of electing the President is an infringement on state rights. Senator John F. Kennedy put the notion very briefly in attacking a wretchedly conceived plan of reform put forward in 1956: "We are no longer treating each state as a sovereign unit which decides how its votes shall be cast. We are nationalizing the states in one particular. . . . I regard it as a step backward."

It is somewhat remarkable, to say the least of it, that Senator Kennedy should contemporaneously have been supporting an amendment of his own invention that would have required every state to cast its electoral votes by the general ticket system.

But the real answer to this argument had been given 130 years earlier by Representative George McDuffie of South Carolina, one of the most violent defenders of state rights ever to sit in Congress:

> Sir [he exclaimed], it cannot be disguised that this idea of infringing the rights of the states by fixing a uniform mode of popular suffrage is founded on the latent delusion that the *Legislatures* of the states have rights paramount to those of the *People* of the states. And this I pronounce an arrant heresy.

The second argument is founded on the idea that any breaking up of the general ticket system would produce a proliferation of political parties. But this too is an error. The two-party system is kept in being because in every political contest there is but a single prize—a governorship, a seat in the House of Representatives, a block of seats in the Electoral College, and so forth. To win that prize it is necessary for factions to combine into political parties and these political parties must necessarily be large, since, even where an absolute majority of votes is not made requisite to an election, victory can be certain only if an absolute majority is obtained.

The sole way to destroy the two-party system is to offer multiple prizes distributable to the several factions in proportion to their relative strengths. But the Presidency, being a single office, is not distributable.

The third argument is the most difficult to deal with, at least in a limited space, for it is bottomed on a denial of the fundamental premise of the Constitution, that the Executive Magistracy should stand on the great foundation of the people. It is abhorrent—so the reasoning runs—that the election of a President should be in the ratio of a certain number of heads. While a free, equal, republican form of government is greatly to be desired, nothing could be less free, nothing could be more anti-republican than to give the rural population of America the influence in the election of a President to which their relative numbers entitle them. The rural interests are over-represented in the legislative branch—in the Senate by the rule of state equality, in the House by the gerrymandering of congressional districts. It is, therefore, proper that the cities should be given an edge in the election of a President.

As a corollary to this argument, one of the greatest evils of the general

ticket system is pronounced a good. How, it is asked, can an oppressed minority ever secure justice, if it is deprived of its power to sell the votes of a great state to the highest bidder?

To this triumphant question it might be answered that not every oppressed minority possesses the balance of power in a great state, and that a minority which does hold the balance of power is as likely to be oppressive as oppressed.

To the main argument it can only be replied that two wrongs do not make a right. The Constitution knows no distinctions of men. The House of Representatives was designed as a true representation of the people, without reference to their ethnic origins, religious beliefs, political prejudices, or economic interests. If the gerrymander has produced a departure from this design, as it doubtless has, let it be corrected by law and the administration of law. Congress has the power to legislate on this subject, although it has not exercised it for more than half a century; let it exercise it now.

Nothing much can be done about the Senate, but, with growing urbanization of the country, the over-representation of the rural population is bound progressively to diminish.

The Presidency was designed to be, as nearly as was practicable, a pure elective magistracy. It has been changed into something else by men who have felt power and forgot right. The Congress has no authority to correct their errors. The thing can be done by constitutional amendment. And, in all conscience, it ought to be done.

Abolish Contingent Election

An amendment committing the election of the President to the people at large, either by a modification of the electoral voting system or by a national plebiscite, would not be sufficient, for it would leave untouched that part of the Constitution which Madison thought its greatest blot—the contingent election by the House of Representatives.

The recent election has made everyone aware that, where no candidate has received the votes of an absolute majority of the whole number of electors "appointed" by the states, the eventual choice devolves upon the House. In such cases the Constitution provides that the choice shall be made from the persons having the three highest numbers of electoral votes; that the vote shall be taken by states, the representation from each state having one vote; and that a majority of all the states shall be necessary to a choice.

The fundamental fallacy of this system is almost immediately obvious. It is contained in the rule of one state-

(Continues on p. 87)

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LETTER FROM SCANDINAVIA

How Neutral Is Sweden?

NILS-ERIC BRODIN

SWEDEN is the country that Gunnar Myrdal comes from. It is the country that Bertrand Russell and Ralph Schoenman go to. It is the country of the welfare state, internationalism, pancakes, and sunny girls with no clothes on who hand you antiwar pamphlets.

President Eisenhower once called Sweden a "fairly friendly neutral country," yet there is no country outside the Communist orbit where anti-Americanism is so widespread. Consider:

► *The Swedish people has in so many ways supported our fight against the American aggressors! We bring you our heartfelt thanks! Dear friends and comrades! Long live the friendship between the Vietnamese and the Swedish peoples!* —Telegram from Ho Chi Minh.

► Televised newcasts about Vietnam make extensive use of Vietcong propaganda films.

► A Swedish high school teacher to Frank McGee on NBC: "You are so big, and Vietnam is so little."

► Says *Aftonbladet:* "The only knowledge which we need about the conflict in Vietnam is to know who President Johnson is and that he is in every way carrying on a reprehensible war there."

In fact, there never has been a real debate about the war in Sweden. There is nothing but rhetoric and demonstration. Everywhere—in the papers, on TV, on the streets—the Swedes reveal their passionate engagement on the Vietnam question. Arthur Lundkvist, one of Sweden's leading authors and intellectuals and a foreign editor of the largest daily newspaper in the country, *Dagens Nyheter,* believes American imperialism was responsible for the Korean War which was started "to see how well the U.S. would do in an Asian war." Further, "China represents the Asian peoples' struggles for independence." Tell that to the Dalai Lama.

Dagens Nyheter is actually sort of a Scandinavian *New York Times,* and can just as effectively ruin your day. Joining Lundkvist in its pages is Sara Lidman, who compares former President Johnson with Hitler and asks, "If the Vietnamese want to follow Marx's . . . teachings, that's their business, isn't it?"

Then there is Gunnar Myrdal, the professor of economics and self-appointed Swedish adviser to the United States. He heads an antiwar group 60,000 strong.

Another famous Swede is Lars Gorling, who did the famous film *491* ("Goes Beyond Homosexuality into Sadism"). Gorling defended the master Soviet espionage agent Colonel Stig Wennerstrom, who spied successfully for years against Sweden, the United States and NATO, as "a good pacifist concerned with the conditions of the world and trying to come to an understanding of what system might give the world better conditions for a better life."

In light of all this it should not have come as a surprise when Sweden a fortnight ago became the first Western nation to recognize Hanoi and in effect to urge other Western European nations—particularly Denmark and Norway—to do the same. (Washington, in a stiffish comment, noted that the Swedish decision had come at a time "when the Hanoi regime is still continuing its efforts to overthrow by armed force the elected constitutional government of South Vietnam." The timing of the Swedish announcement—just ten days before Richard Nixon's inauguration as President—was also resented in Washington.)

All this is of recent date. Historically, Sweden had excellent relations with the U.S. It was among the first nations to recognize U.S. independence. Before that, the Swedes had established a beachhead in Delaware with their colony, New Sweden, which prospered from 1638 to 1655 and which, by descent, provided John Morton, the man who cast the deciding vote for the Declaration of Independence. In the intervening years, more than a million Swedes, fleeing economic hardships and religious harassment, came to the United States. The U.S. continues to be good to Sweden, sending about 4,000 Social Security checks a month there, and about 200,000 American tourists a year.

Sweden has not been at war since 1814, although it used to be a militaristic nation. The country has developed a code of neutrality that, through the curious workings of what Sir Arnold Lunn calls "selective indignation," does not seem to include the Vietcong. Sweden is definitely pro-North Vietnam in this one. Having been "neutral" in the last two wars, say the Swedes, how could Sweden be other than "neutral" in this one?

It was, as a matter of fact, a curious experience to live in "neutral" Sweden during the last World War since, Sweden's "White Book" notwithstanding, there was always some doubt, in my mind, at least, exactly how white their neutrality was. I can recall vividly the uninterrupted transit of German troops and war materièl through Sweden to northern Norway, and later from there to Finland. And the shipments of iron ore to Germany in the early Forties, which stopped only when it became clear who was going to win the war. At the end of the hostilities, the Soviets demanded that Sweden surrender to them the Germans who had fled to escape the *Wehrmacht.* No "humanitarian exile" then: over they went. And the Balts, dragged screaming to trucks for repatriation to their sovietized nations. No political asylum then.

NOW THERE IS an international committee in Stockholm which works near U.S. bases throughout Europe to encourage defections. The good life is promised, and about 2,000 U.S. servicemen have taken the bait. It is interesting that a dozen have since returned to their bases. The first redefector, Ray Jones, a Negro, returned to face trial saying, "The Swedes are naturally prejudiced against colored people." After the first flush of notoriety, many of the young Americans discover that Sweden and the Swedes are pretty cold.

Wholly different treatment was reserved for two other recent refugees—from North Vietnam. Students at the University of Lund screamed "quisling" so loud that the pair could not even complete a speech, and had to flee the

(Continues on page 87)

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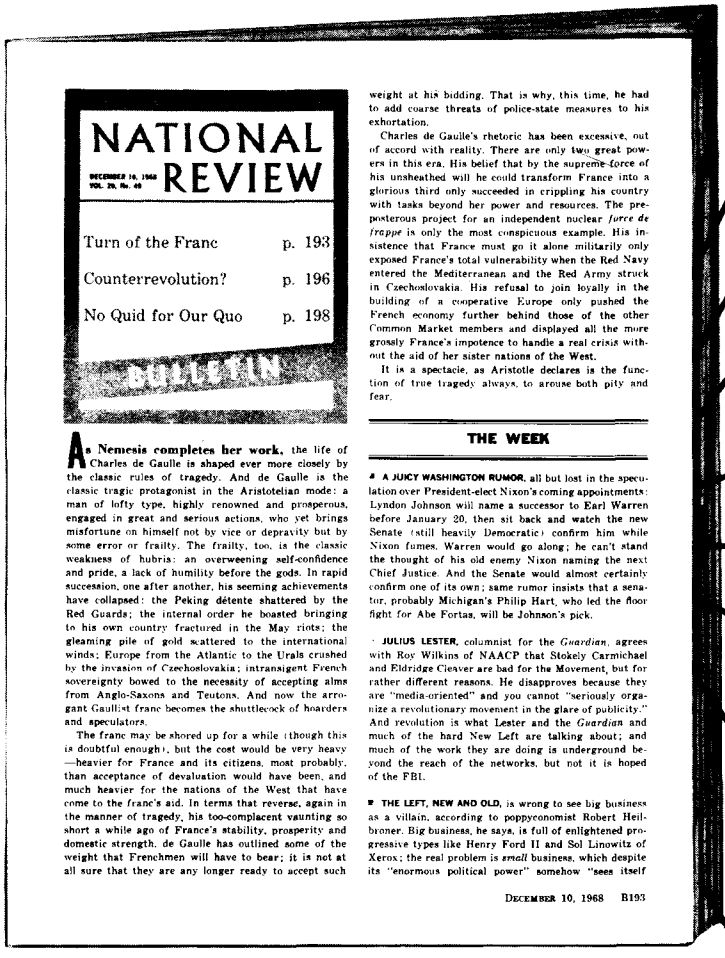

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BULLETIN

As Nemesis completes her work, the life of Charles de Gaulle is shaped ever more closely by the classic rules of tragedy. And de Gaulle is the classic tragic protagonist in the Aristotelian mode: a man of lofty type, highly renowned and prosperous, engaged in great and serious actions, who yet brings misfortune on himself not by vice or depravity but by some error or frailty. The frailty, too, is the classic weakness of hubris: an overweening self-confidence and pride, a lack of humility before the gods. In rapid succession, one after another, his seeming achievements have collapsed: the Peking détente shattered by the Red Guards; the internal order he boasted bringing to his own country fractured in the May riots; the gleaming pile of gold scattered to the international winds; Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals crushed by the invasion of Czechoslovakia; intransigent French sovereignty bowed to the necessity of accepting alms from Anglo-Saxons and Teutons. And now the arrogant Gaullist franc becomes the shuttlecock of hoarders and speculators.

The franc may be shored up for a while (though this is doubtful enough), but the cost would be very heavy—heavier for France and its citizens, most probably, than acceptance of devaluation would have been, and much heavier for the nations of the West that have come to the franc's aid. In terms that reverse, again in the manner of tragedy, his too-complacent vaunting so short a while ago of France's stability, prosperity and domestic strength, de Gaulle has outlined some of the weight that Frenchmen will have to bear; it is not at all sure that they are any longer ready to accept such weight at his bidding. That is why, this time, he had to add coarse threats of police-state measures to his exhortation.

Charles de Gaulle's rhetoric has been excessive, out of accord with reality. There are only two great powers in this era. His belief that by the supreme force of his unsheathed will he could transform France into a glorious third only succeeded in crippling his country with tasks beyond her power and resources. The preposterous project for an independent nuclear *force de frappe* is only the most conspicuous example. His insistence that France must go it alone militarily only exposed France's total vulnerability when the Red Navy entered the Mediterranean and the Red Army struck in Czechoslovakia. His refusal to join loyally in the building of a cooperative Europe only pushed the French economy further behind those of the other Common Market members and displayed all the more grossly France's impotence to handle a real crisis without the aid of her sister nations of the West.

It is a spectacle, as Aristotle declares is the function of true tragedy always, to arouse both pity and fear.

THE WEEK

■ **A JUICY WASHINGTON RUMOR,** all but lost in the speculation over President-elect Nixon's coming appointments: Lyndon Johnson will name a successor to Earl Warren before January 20, then sit back and watch the new Senate (still heavily Democratic) confirm him while Nixon fumes. Warren would go along; he can't stand the thought of his old enemy Nixon naming the next Chief Justice. And the Senate would almost certainly confirm one of its own; same rumor insists that a senator, probably Michigan's Philip Hart, who led the floor fight for Abe Fortas, will be Johnson's pick.

■ **JULIUS LESTER,** columnist for the *Guardian,* agrees with Roy Wilkins of NAACP that Stokely Carmichael and Eldridge Cleaver are bad for the Movement, but for rather different reasons. He disapproves because they are "media-oriented" and you cannot "seriously organize a revolutionary movement in the glare of publicity." And revolution is what Lester and the *Guardian* and much of the hard New Left are talking about; and much of the work they are doing is underground beyond the reach of the networks, but not it is hoped of the FBI.

■ **THE LEFT, NEW AND OLD,** is wrong to see big business as a villain, according to poppyconomist Robert Heilbroner. Big business, he says, is full of enlightened progressive types like Henry Ford II and Sol Linowitz of Xerox; the real problem is *small* business, which despite its "enormous political power" somehow "sees itself

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FRANK S. MEYER

THE MEDITERRANEAN CRISIS

PRINCIPLES AND HERESIES

Once again the United States is drifting stern first into a major international crisis. It has been clear for several years that the next major goal of Soviet strategy is the seizure of effective control of the Mediterranean-Indian Ocean area. The first step in this direction was the steady and careful expulsion of Western influence and the establishment of Soviet strong points in Algeria, Egypt and Syria. The second step was the penetration of the eastern Mediterranean by initial units of Soviet naval power. The third, last summer, was the consolidation of the Balkan flank by the seizure of Czechoslovakia and the overawing of Rumania and Yugoslavia. All preparations are essentially complete for a decisive *démarche* at an appropriate moment.

Meanwhile American policy in the entire decisive stretch from the Cape of Good Hope to the Mediterranean seems not to be based on any over-all understanding of the significance of the area to our interests and the interests of the West, and shows no realization of the radical transformation in the world balance of power that Soviet domination of the area would signify. Instead, our policy would appear to be composed of a patchwork of small policies, incoherent, ideological and irrelevant, determined by moralistic judgments of the social structures of South Africa and Rhodesia or of the political regimes of Spain, Portugal and Greece, or by passionate partisan views of the Arab-Israeli struggle.

EVERY American citizen, of course, has the right to his own attitudes on these questions, but those who shape American foreign policy should be moved by only one consideration: the interests of the United States and the civilization of which the United States is the defender. Such a criterion dictates that the power of the United States and of all available allies should be directed towards assembling such massive force in the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean areas that the Soviet initiatives are decisively overshadowed—and doing so before those initiatives are developed into a major Soviet presence.

In most of our confrontations with Communism since World War II, not least in Vietnam, we have entered the struggle in a last-minute reaction to a Communist drive; we have fought in areas least advantageous to our military superiorities, which are in the air and on the sea; and we have engaged where there existed no firm governments willing and able to fight alongside of us.

In the Mediterranean-Indian Ocean area there is still time to make an offensive stroke ourselves instead of waiting to react to a Communist stroke. It is an area admirably suited to our air-sea supremacy. And we have as possible allies such militantly anti-Communist governments as those of South Africa, Rhodesia, Greece, Israel, Spain and Portugal.

It might be said that these are small countries, but together they have the fighting strength of a major power, and South Africa and Israel, at any rate, have first-class military forces. Who knows, given a firm base, even our NATO allies in France, Italy, and England might be emboldened to pull their weight in the struggle against Communism. Further, while it seems that for the present most of the Arab countries are rather definitively allied with the Soviets, the non-Arab Mohammedan countries—Turkey and Iran—might very well be drawn into such a Grand Alliance.

To propose such a massive expenditure of American energy, perhaps involving mobilization, may seem totally unreal at a time when the only issue of the sort that concerns the media and, it would appear, most of our political leaders, is to liquidate our responsibilities in Vietnam as fast as possible.

But it is not the coming struggle for the Mediterranean that is unreal; what is unreal is the matrix of public discourse in our country today.

Perhaps because we grew up for a hundred years behind the shield of the British Navy, when the British Empire stood as the main champion of Western civilization, we seem to have the notion that we can regulate our relations with the rest of the world on a basis of moralistic preference or social whim. Such a basic attitude, no matter how refined by sophisticated rationalizations, utterly blocks understanding of America's role and America's necessities in the world today.

FACING massive power challenge to our existence from the only other great power today, the United States has no choice in the real world but to meet the challenge and throw it back. All considerations of foreign policy must be based upon our interests in that struggle. The alternative is to be defeated and, in the end, destroyed.

In the particular conflict of that struggle under consideration, the coming battle of the Mediterranean, the consequence of Soviet victory—of Soviet domination of the Mediterranean and Indian Oceans and the land bridge between—would be Soviet control of Africa and irresistible pressure upon a divided and outflanked Europe, cut off from its major sources of raw material. The United States would be isolated before the impetus of a conquering power.

All this would not happen at once; we might well have years, even decades, to wallow in the comforts and contend with the discontents of our affluence. But, quite soberly, I think that we are close to coming to the end of the passengers we can fling from the sleigh to the pursuing wolves. So far, our surrenders have left us ourselves essentially unscathed. But, with the crisis of the Mediterranean, our time and our space are running out. If we do not stand there, the next seriously defensible position will be the waters of the Atlantic. □

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RUSSELL KIRK

RECRUITING EDUCATIONAL LUDDITES

FROM THE ACADEMY

From Columbia to Berkeley, from Dismal Swamp A. & M. to Our Lady of the Sorrows, college students have embraced the ideology of Captain Ludd: smash the machine! The campus, once so beloved, now is hated by many of its denizens. Yes, I do mean "denizens," as in "denizens of the jungle," or "foreigners admitted to residence."

I pity these denizens, and sympathize with their grievances, though not with their lynch-law attempts at obtaining redress. The heart of the matter is this: the academic community has decayed into an academic crowd; and crowds easily become mobs. Tens of thousands of discontented young people are crowded together on a campus, and at least half of them haven't the foggiest notion of why they came; of those who do retain some objective, only a small remnant really desire a strict disciplining of the intellect.

From Dr. Jacques Barzun to the wild spirits of the New Left, everybody is rushing into print to lament the afflictions of American university and college —often, to my wry pleasure, in terms which your servant employed in this magazine more than a dozen years ago. Behemoth University, nearly all literate people seem to agree nowadays, is decadent, dreary, and disgusting. The professor is alienated from it; so is the student—the better student because he finds there little for mind and conscience, the average or inferior undergraduate because he has been lured there under false pretenses.

Yet in this rough hour, when everybody demands some sort of profound qualitative reform of the higher learning, there trips upon the stage Dr. Clark Kerr—yes, Multiversity Kerr, late of Berkeley, now of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching —to inform us that all we need is more of the hair of the dog that bit us. As chairman of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education, Dr. Kerr desires to jam practically everybody into Behemoth Multiversity—at federal expense.

Kerr and his thirteen educationist colleagues propose that the Nixon Administration (actually, they had counted upon a Humphrey Administration, but the best-laid plans . . .) should gratify the appetites of the American public by making college degrees almost universal —and almost gratis. According to a Gallup poll quoted by the Commission, 97 per cent of American parents desire that "higher education should be available" to their offspring. *Vox populi, vox Dei.* Therefore, let President Nixon appropriate $7 billion in public funds for expansion of universities and colleges, and for direct subsidy to students (particularly the "disadvantaged") by 1970; let Mr. Nixon and his successors enlarge this appropriation to at least $13 billion by 1976; let the Federal Government finance 500 new community colleges instanter, and fifty four-year urban colleges, "which would specially concern themselves with the educational underprivileged and with a broad social spectrum." Centralize, bureaucratize, standardize: let the Federal Government supply 32 per cent of the costs of higher education, but let the states decrease their share from 27 to 17 per cent; leave the rest to "the private sector"—supposing the private sector has any cash remaining after taxes.

Behind these schemes of the Carnegie Lagado lies the assumption that every mother's son and daughter burns with a pure, gem-like flame for the higher learning—at a time when the academic mob obviously is more interested in setting the administration building afire. Every boy and girl an intellectual king or queen! And so we proceed to form an immense intellectual proletariat.

Already the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges has disapproved of the Carnegie fantasia, mostly because the Carnegie zealots propose to pass out money directly from the federal bureaucracy to prospective students, ignoring university and college administrations. I trust that nearly every decent university and college president in the land will condemn this quantitative nightmare.

Jacques Barzun now suggests sardonically what your servant recommended years ago, that every American ought to receive the degree of Ph.D. at birth—so that we might be purged of this educationist snobbery and so that only young people really interested in the works of the mind would bother to stroll in the grove of Academe. But Kerr and company are bent, in earnest, upon the degradation of the democratic dogma: everybody a B.A., at least. "The right to higher education would follow the path blazed by civil rights," says one friendly commentator upon the Carnegie report. "There would be no discrimination."

Delicious prospect! No discrimination —except for discrimination against the humane scale, the serious student, the able professor, the hierarchy of learning, the industrious parent, the claims of right reason. *Only* 40 per cent of college-age Americans enter college today, Clark Kerr laments. They're all so happy on the campus, you know: why exclude the stupid, the slack, and those who (strange folly!) prefer to thrust themselves immediately into the busy world?

Well, Mr. Robert Finch will be Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare: he is a man of talents, and also will have more pressing problems than this design for intellectual leveling. I doubt if he loves Dr. Kerr and his breed. Praise be! The ungovernable academic mob which the Carnegie folk would herd into their academic collectivism soon would hang the Kerrs from the college campanile. I might tug on the rope myself. □

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'Best of the Second-Raters'

ALLEN DRURY

The Shadow of Blooming Grove
By Francis Russell
McGraw-Hill, $12.50

Probably the dullest, and certainly the most pathetic, President of the United States comes to life as much as possible in this lengthy and definitive biography by Francis Russell. That Warren Gamaliel Harding lives at all is a triumph for Mr. Russell's skill as an historian, and for a literary touch that injects far more sparkle into the story of the 29th Chief Executive than ever seems to have been there in fact.

The amiable mediocrity who as "everybody's second choice" became the nominee of the 1920 Republican National Convention had a few surprising moments —clandestine scramblings in a White House closet, an illegitimate daughter by Nan Britton, a decades-long romance with Carrie Phillips, whose blank-line excerpts furnish the only titillation, and that mild enough, in a 700-page book— but all in all he was about what Senator Brandegee described after emerging from the famous "smoke-filled room": ". . . We got a lot of second-raters and Warren Harding is the best of the second-raters."

Which, at that point in the history of the GOP and the U.S.A., was not saying much.

Nonetheless, it is all here, in detail sometimes too exhausting for all but the dedicated student of American politics, and always with a wry compassionate treatment which carries the reader forward.

THERE IS THE BOYHOOD in rural Ohio —the earlier part of it in the Blooming Grove from which Mr. Russell draws his title—and the high school and college (Iberia, now Ohio Central) years which saw an increasing interest in "debating, writing and making friends." There is the growing involvement with journalism, culminating in the ownership, at length highly successful, of the then-fading *Marion Star*. There are the boy-orator early ventures into politics, the election to the state senate, the lieutenant-governorship, the U.S. Senate seat. And finally, the smoke-filled room, the "Back to Normalcy" campaign after Woodrow Wilson's tragic failure to lift his countrymen's eyes to the mountains he could see so clearly—and then the short, frustrated, terribly lonely and unhappy Presidency that ended in sudden physical death in San Francisco, followed by the long, slow, inexorable political death, as the Senate and the courts unraveled the story of the Teapot Dome and the friends who took advantage of everybody's friend to betray his reputation forever.

Here, too, is the formidable Florence Kling Harding, whom her husband always referred to as "the Duchess," and whom Mr. Russell, in one of the few uncertain touches in his entire book, turns into something perilously close to unbelievable caricature. (Was there no real love or compassion for "Wurr'n" somewhere behind that ridiculous exterior? Was it all just jealousy of person and rapacious pride of position? And didn't the Duchess have a certain amount of provocation from her easy-going, weak-willed, weak-fleshed husband?)

And here is Carrie Phillips, whose secret romance with Harding, according to the presentation forced upon Mr. Russell by the censorship of the Harding heirs, provided a good many hours of — — — — — — — — — — —, to say nothing of a good deal of — — — — — — — — — — —. And finally, here is Nan Britton, first introduced as the over-ripe high school girl who made up her mind at fourteen that she would be Harding's lover, and achieved it, too, even to the point of an illegitimate daughter, and of being smuggled into the White House for hasty fumbles with an increasingly tired and bemused Executive.

And yet here, too, is a Cabinet which was not all bad, for in addition to Teapot Dome's Albert Fall of Interior, and the corruption-prone Harry M. Daugherty as Attorney General, it also included Charles Evans Hughes at State, Andrew W. Mellon at Treasury, the senior Henry Wallace at Agriculture, Herbert Hoover at Commerce. And in the Arms Limitation Conference of 1921, it was the President who set the tone of hope and gave Secretary Hughes his head in offering the 5-5-3 naval ratio which was one of the few practical between-wars steps in the direction of lasting peace.

SO IN THE END Warren Harding emerges about as all men in politics (or, indeed, men anywhere) emerge—a hodge-podge of conflicting impulses and emotions, of good traits and bad, of simple idealisms and appalling gullibilities; a President who refused to think badly of those he trusted and to whom he gave his friendship; an American who happened to be flung to the top by fate and the tortuous maneuverings of a deadlocked convention, at just the moment in his nation's life when his particular combination of wide-eyed innocence, naïve hopefulness and weariness with war suited the public mood exactly and made his election inevitable.

Yet he was never, as Mr. Russell clearly reports, under any illusions about his own capacity for the office he had achieved. The record is filled with his reiterations of unworthiness, entirely sincere, and with his unhappy dislike for his demanding and omnivo-

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rous job. He would have been entirely happy spending his life with his feet upon the sill of the editorial office at the *Marion Star,* free to indulge his romances and play his convivial hands of poker far from the eye of history. It was not to be. He looked like a Roman statesman, he epitomized America at a certain moment in her history, and he had just enough ambition to run, with varying degrees of enthusiasm and *ennui*, for public office. He probably couldn't have escaped his destiny if he had tried; as he can never escape the retroactive burden of dishonest associates and corrupt administration placed upon him after his death.

MR. RUSSELL WRITES throughout with a sure touch, giving perhaps a little too much emphasis to what he terms "The Shadow of Blooming Grove," which he believes to have been the never-dying, never-proved allegation that the Harding family had, at some distant point, received an infusion of Negro blood. He believes that this, starting with the schoolyard slurs young Warren received in Blooming Grove, gave the President a lifelong sense of uneasiness, inferiority and alienation. But the clandestine life he led with Carrie Phillips and Nan Britton, even in the center of the hurricane, could have made him permanently uneasy, just as well. It is a thesis which supports an excellent title. It may or may not be true. Warren Harding never said.

At times in this book there is too much detail, as in the ponderous dance-of-elephants that was Ohio politics in the early years of the century. Yet even that does not detract for the reader fascinated by the way in which America's leaders get where they do. From its brilliant opening description of the transferal of power from the shadowy Wilson to the glowingly photogenic Harding, to the final mood-piece on the monumental mausoleum standing silent and deserted in the rain of an October afternoon outside Marion, it is a consistently fascinating story of a likable man who just never should have been President, but, ironically, was. □

Encounters With Lenin
By Nikolay Valentinov
Oxford, $7.00

LENIN BEFORE HE BECAME THE CZAR

GUY DAVENPORT

The way to pull a heavily loaded handcart is to get between the shafts, push down, and walk. As long as you are on level ground, the going is good. Just as two buckets of water are easier to carry than one, so the pulling of a handcart is work for one man, not two. The author of this memoir tells us that one hot day in Geneva—it was 1904 and his name was then Samsonov—he was making ends meet by hauling oddments. He was young, a Bolshevik, and an exile from Russia. He had come to Geneva to be with Lenin and his circle.

His burden was heavy; he wore by necessity a large winter coat, because the seat of his trousers had parted the one half from the other.

He stopped at a café to rest and have a lemonade. And who should come by but The Old Man himself, the carrot-haired, slit-eyed Lenin. The Old Man was chagrined to see his disciple doing manual labor. Busybody that he was, he demanded to know what wages Samsonov would earn for this disgraceful employment. *Too little!* he protested, and banged the table in indignation. (What is more galling than for a humiliated man to be told that his humiliation is deeper than he realizes?)

Furthermore, he would help Samsonov—Lenin, professorially dressed, buttoned shirt-collar (which he invented) and all. He would take one shaft of the cart, Samsonov the other. It was pointed out that each would then be pushing with one arm only; both would tire quickly, and walk off balance to boot. Lenin could not comprehend the principle at all. And was Samsonov *refusing* his help? There was nothing for it but to proceed, encumbered by Lenin's help. They staggered off, and suffered until Lenin had to give up. With a sign of relief, Samsonov continued, free of Lenin's back-breaking solicitude.

There you have it. Valentinov remembers the occasion as an example of Lenin's bone-headedness, but it seems to be an elegant parable of the socialist mind. It cannot distinguish between helping a man and pestering him to death. No wonder that Valentinov discovered as early as 1905 that, though he had nothing to lose but his chains, the chains were going to be removed from his hands and feet and reshackled around his soul. The government would lead one half of his life; he was free to lead the other. It was Lenin all over again, doubling the weight of the cart under the guise of halving it. Valentinov became a Menshevik and in 1927 left Russia for good. Thirty-six years later, a venerable philosophical figure around Paris, it occurred to him that it might be wise to put down his memories of Lenin.

BORN NIKOLAY VOLSKY in 1879, Valentinov became a revolutionary at nineteen. In 1905, after a fierce ideological quarrel with Lenin, he left the Bolsheviks. In 1917 he left the Mensheviks. For the next ten years he was

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an economist, writing and working for the government until all vestiges of intellectual freedom vanished under Stalin's tyranny, and he fled to France. His acquaintance with Lenin—daily walks and congenial visits to Lenin's apartment—coincided with the last formative crises that were to give Bolshevism its totalitarian nature in Lenin's mind. Valentinov is able to demonstrate that Lenin was converted to Bolshevism not by Marx but by Nikolai Chernyshevsky (author of the turgid *What Is To Be Done?* and *Notes on Mill's Political Economy*), who seems to be the source of the red stain which dyed Lenin's Marxism Jacobin, and made it possible for him to believe that a revolution would be viable in a backward, non-industrial country like Russia.

The Lenin we meet in this book is not the Lenin of the Soviet hagiographies. He is certainly not the bearer of the rippling red flag on the posters, nor the candidate for the first mummy since Ptolemy XIII. He is a petulant, old-maidish know-it-all. His bicycle is the neatest in Geneva, "as clean as a surgical instrument." He throws open the bedroom windows every morning and exercises with dumbbells, to the merriment of Krupskaya's mamma Elizaveta, who had to stifle her giggles with her shawl at the sight of the athletic Lenin, and was convinced that he was half mad. He could skate, swim, and row. He could also sew on a button. He lived in armed peace with the harpy Krupskaya, softening his eye for a Bolshevik virgin who could never decide whether marriage or free love was the more *bourgeois*. He was a fanatic about mushrooms and once missed a train because he spied a crop of them among some trees.

IDEAS SWARM as thick as autumn midges in this book, but the most valuable account is of the wreck of mind against mind in the detailed argument between Valentinov and Lenin over metaphysics. This was the age when students had minds and could spend a whole night over coffee and the problem of whether the world's existence was best accounted for by this philosopher or that. Valentinov had discovered Richard Avenarius (1843-1896), who believed that substance and causality are illusions and several other heady matters which are still of concern to philosophers, and the physicist-philosopher, Ernst Mach (1838-1916), who refused to believe in the distinction normally made between mind and matter.

He wrote a paper about them and submitted it to the official philosopher of the Bolsheviks, George Plekhanov. Plekhanov said that he wouldn't listen to such *bourgeois* trash. Valentinov, young and idealistic, was appalled that his philosophers could be dismissed unread and unargued. It was his first taste of the fundamentalism inherent in the Bolshevik mind. He appealed to Lenin, who agreed to look over the works of the philosophers. He did, in part of an evening, returning the offensive books the next morning. Valentinov knew that he could not have read them. Their ideas had no relevance to the struggle of socialism, said Lenin. But, protested Valentinov, shouldn't one *read* them first? There was no need to, replied Lenin.

We see the point of all this tedious philosophy by the end of the memoirs. When Lenin came to write a philosophy book, probably the dullest and by all rights the most inconsequential book ever written, he came down hard on both Avenarius and Mach; they must be reactionary and stupid because the young hot-head Valentinov had been reading them just before he became a Menshevik. Under Stalin, Lenin's philosophy book became Holy Writ. The goons of the NKVD searched its pages and apprehended that Mach and Avenarius were heretics. Walls were given ears and spies searched libraries. Men of learning known to have been exposed to Mach and Avenarius were arrested and shot. The history of thought can demonstrate only a few stupidities more opaque or more cruel.

BUT PERHAPS the most engaging moments of this book are those in which one can see Lenin the human being. He must be the coldest of historical figures, remoter than Hitler, who, at least, loved coconut macaroons and a dog. It is therefore a revelation to see Lenin ordering his favorite songs when he can give a moment to culture —listening with clasped hands to Dargomyzhsky's "We Were Not Wed in Church," or, with tears streaming down his Mongol face, to Khomyakov's "The Greatest Bravery of All Is in Patience, Love, and Prayer," a song which the tenor Gusev always sang for him on his knees. The trod-upon Soviet people still have to bear along with their other troubles Lenin's favorite songs. He thought the writings of Dostoievski rubbish. He loved nature, and thought that socialism would improve the worker's plight by giving him an appreciation of sunsets and mountain scenery.

RANDOM NOTES

■ BOOKS: Eric Goldman, sometime "special consultant" at the White House, tells all in *The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson* (Knopf, February, $8.95). . . . Great Big Biographies coming—*Upton Sinclair: Rebel of a Hundred Causes* by the *N.Y. Times'* Alden Whitman (Morrow, Fall 1969); Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story,* which draws on Papa's diaries and letters and other previously untapped sources (Scribner's, April, $10). . . . *Only One Year,* by Svetlana Alliluyeva, chronicles her elaborate flight from the Soviet Union and offers meditations on suppression and intellectual dissent back home (Harper, Fall 1969). . . . Bob Thomas, whose *King Cohn* was a demolition job, is more kindly disposed to another Hollywood magnate, *Thalberg* (Doubleday, February, $7.95).

Sir Alec Rose, who solo-circumnavigated in the wake of Sir Francis Chichester, tells about it ditto in *My Lively Lady* (McKay, February, $5.95). . . . Inspired perhaps by the success of *The Naked Ape,* Knopf is reissuing Clarence Day's *This Simian World,* with a new introduction by Day's old friend Dean Acheson ($4.50). . . . Michael Dorn has edited and published *Tycoons in the Kitchen,* featuring such recipes as "Bernard Gimbel's Oxtail Stew," "Henry Ford's French Dressing" and (honest!) "Howard Johnson's Curried Chicken" (Dorn Press, $15).

■ FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS: Lord Russell of Liverpool (not Bertrand), one of the prosecutors at Nuremberg, is terribly worried and tells why in *Return of the Swastika* (McKay, $4.50). . . . Guy Chapman's *Why France Fell* sets the record straight on de Gaulle-the-savior (Holt, February, $7.95). . . . *The Stranglers,* by George Bruce, is all about the Thugee, a kill-for-thrills cult that flourished in India 150 years ago (Harcourt, $5.95). . . . A large quarrel of scholars is producing *The Complete Works of Voltaire,* which the University of Toronto Press will publish, at $20 each in 150 volumes. Give or take.

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It is with reluctance that the aged Valentinov, writing out these memoirs, admits to himself that this prejudiced, savagely intolerant sphinx of a man became the prophet of a new religion, his half-understood economic ideas breaking the backs of millions of people, his pedantic and bilious vision of history proclaimed around the world. He adds, with philosophic calm, that the Lenin he depicts is of course "quite unknown to the USSR." □

Charles I
By Christopher Hibbert
Harper, $11.95

I AM THE MARTYR OF THE PEOPLE

JARED C. LOBDELL

There has never been an entirely satisfactory biography of Charles I of England, and this—though well written and handsomely illustrated—is no exception. It fails to be an exception for a reason common to all biographies of the King (most, of course, have other faults as well): the central character is never fully realized and it fails for another reason not common to all: it ends with the King's execution and leaves out its eventual result, the restoration of the monarchy. For the Restoration is the last act of the drama, not merely an epilogue, and the execution is no more the end of the story than the death of Christian is the end of *Cyrano*.

In form, then, as a history, the book is incomplete; it ends before it should. If it were a spiritual biography of Charles Stuart, King of England, a case could be made for ending it on the scaffold, but it is not. Rather than being cast as a spiritual biography—in which case the ending would be a happy one—it is cast as a tragedy, ending with his burial amid the February snows. Yet the life of King Charles is a tragedy only in the sense that, or even less than, *Polyeucte* is a tragedy. Not only does the hero die in the certain hope of eternal salvation ("I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world"), but by dying he allows the monarchy to live, and perhaps allows the liberty of the people—"those laws by which their lives and their goods may be most their own"—to live as well.

Moreover, as remarked above, the book is incomplete in substance; the figure of the King remains shadowy. It may be that this is inevitable—not only because, by the lapse of time, a king like Charles I, who believed that "an unjust sentence that I suffered to take effect [meaning the death of the Earl of Strafford] is punished now by an unjust sentence on me," is as remote to us as a king like Henry VIII, who believed that Catherine of Aragon's failure to provide him with an heir was punishment for their incestuous marriage; but also because Charles was one (and in a sense the last) of a disastrous and largely inexplicable line of kings—of whom, not counting his son Charles II, the least disastrous perhaps were the founders of the line, Robert II, and Charles' own father, "the wisest fool in Christendom," James VI and I—a line of essentially medieval kings increasingly out of place in their increasingly modern circumstances, enacting their lives as a series of pageants when they might better have been employed, if they were to be kings at all, in governing their countries.

It was a line which produced a poet of no mean stature, James I of Scotland; a philosopher-king—James VI and I; a disastrous intriguer, Mary Queen of Scots; a king whose anachronistic medievalism undid his country at Flodden, James IV; and last, before its inter-mixture with the blood of the line of Henry of Navarre, Charles I, cultivated, anachronistic and, as an intriguer, disastrous. Till the very end, Charles could have been accused, in present-day words, of being all form and no substance, evasive and undependable, as poor a judge of men (shades of his great-grandson, Bonnie Prince Charlie) as he was a brilliant judge of art. But in the end, when he might save England by enacting the pageant of his own death, the form he had delighted in and the substance of the man beneath were fused. "Hope he rekindled and in hope ended/over death, over dread, over doom lifted/out of loss, out of life, unto long glory."

Until the world comes again to an appreciation of pageants, of the battles of Froissart and the tournaments of Malory, the images of the *Faerie Queene* and the masques of Inigo Jones, the quality of Charles' exterior life will at best be indifferently understood. Until it is realized that a king might be right or at least understandably (and not very) wrong who believed that "a subject and a sovereign are clean different things" and that the people were better off, more free even, if they were not governing than if they were, the Roundhead heritage of modern politics will distort Charles' concern for his people and make difficult any understanding of the quality of his interior life. What is more, until the peculiar sixteenth-century Anglican compromise on predestination (embodied in a language not now easily grasped, in the seventeenth Article of Religion) is better understood than it is, the contrast between Charles' intrigues and his martyrdom will be unexplained.

Bernini knew, when he saw Van Dyck's triple portrait, that Charles' doom was upon him. All his life, as to an appointed end, he went toward his death on the scaffold, whereby his soul and his monarchy and (as I believe) the liberties of his people might be saved. Like a good Scots Anglican, he chose (after all his tergiversations) to do what he was ordained to do, so that at last the outward and visible signs, the pageant, of royalty were one with his inward and spiritual grace, and the consideration of his election in Christ "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort." Like his martyr, Montrose, "he never walked to battle more proudly than to die," which was as it should be, for his battles he might (and many of them he did) lose, but his death was victory.

This is not the book I would like to see written on Charles I—someday perhaps I shall write that one myself—but for the time being it will do excellently well. I will only add that it may be proper, in these days of civil disobedience or civil war, to consider his speech on the scaffold, and what it may portend. "If I would have given way to an arbitrary way, for to have all laws changed according to the power of the sword, I needed not to have come here. And therefore I tell you, and I pray God it not be laid to your charge, that I am the martyr of the people." □

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Robert F. Kennedy, The Myth and the Man
By Victor Lasky *Trident, $6.95*

THE KENNEDY MYSTIQUE

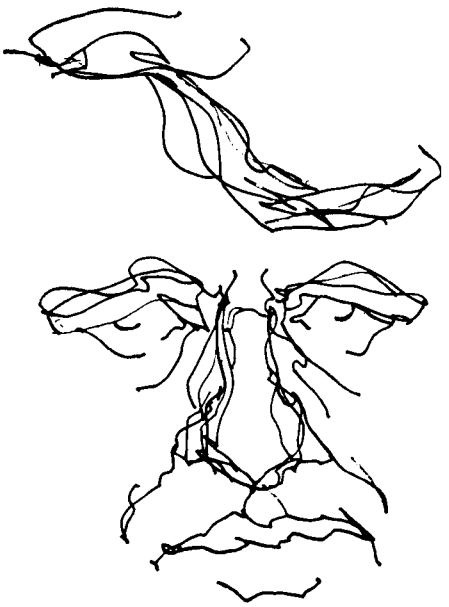
M. STANTON EVANS

American politics over the past five years has been marked by two related developments of ominous potential: stunning acts of violence, and the calculated mobilization of the ensuing turmoil for the achievement of political ends. Why the violence has been occurring is a matter of debate; why the mobilization occurs is more readily apparent.

The murder and canonization of Robert Kennedy illustrate these points with horrid clarity. Like his President brother before him, Senator Kennedy was struck down by forces and for reasons which have yet to be established with assurance. Yet as also occurred with his brother—and with Martin Luther King—the assassination has produced political benefits of a very specific kind. The glorification of the fallen leader and the passage of certain kinds of legislation in his behalf have been almost instantaneous.

In his survey of the Senator's life and opinions, Victor Lasky provides us with a factual backdrop against which the elaboration of the Kennedy legend may be judged. On the current liberal presentation, Robert Kennedy was a statesman of extraordinary qualities, martyred in service to the national ideals. Hearing such things, it is somewhat difficult to recall that these very same liberals, a few months back, were describing Kennedy as "ruthless," questioning his motives, and deploring his asserted disregard for civil liberties. In his voluminous rehearsal of the record, Lasky reminds us.

THE BUILDING of the Kennedy mystique is by far the most successful such political operation in recent history. In some degree, this is understandable. The Kennedy saga has mythic potential unequaled in the common run of politics. The Kennedys are at once the most favored and most blighted family in the history of our republic. They have dared much, achieved a great



deal, and suffered in proportion to the reach of their ambition. These are themes of enormous emotional power, suitable for exploitation by a great tragedian. They lend themselves to the devices of legend.

Since we have no Malory, celebration of these themes has fallen to journalists and partisan promoters. The myth has thus become an extension of an ideological campaign that was fully launched while the Kennedys were alive, and is advanced by people attached to the political fortunes of the family and by ideologists trying to sanctify a program with necromantic fable. The resulting legend, presented as if it were literal truth, makes it difficult to separate reality from the mock-Arthurian myth. The Lasky book restores the discussion to the realm of fact.

No myth can succeed, of course, without some authentic root in human sympathy. In life as in death, Robert Kennedy achieved a certain grip on the popular imagination, a purchase that even the most strenuous efforts of the iconographers cannot fully account for. What were the sources of his appeal? What prompted the popular adulation, the squealing mobs of teenagers, the lady whom Lasky quotes as saying: "I can't hear what he said, but whatever it was, was right"? How is such unreasoning adoration generated?

PART OF THE ANSWER is public relations—the selling of a person as one sells a product. Part of it is Kennedy's identification with his murdered brother and his status as inheritor of the Kennedy mantle. But another part stems, quite clearly, from Robert Kennedy himself, from some quality he offered, in his own person, to the American nation. And that quality, oddly enough, had little to do with what was unusual in Kennedy. It had a great deal to do with what was very usual indeed.

On Lasky's evidence, Robert Kennedy was in fact a kind of everyman to our age. His personal tastes and attitudes—in dress, music, home life, friends—were far less aristocratic than those of his departed brother. Robert Kennedy's fundamental outlook on life seems to have been very similar to that of the average American—replete with all kinds of conventional tastes. The conventionality extended, in a number of ways, into the world of politics.

Most conventional of all were Kennedy's opinions, and the way he arrived at them. Lasky rehearses the enormous changes in the Senator's views—from his friendship with Joe McCarthy to dalliance with the New Left to renewed emphasis, toward the very end, on matters congenial to conservatives. Kennedy was a "pragmatist," and his political opinions tended to shift in accordance with changes in the political atmosphere. The gradations in his political views reflect, with seismographic sensitivity, the changing outlook of the nation.

In looking upon Robert Kennedy, therefore, everyman was likely to see part of himself. And he was likely to see other things as well that were not so displeasing as Kennedy's critics usually supposed. Throughout his career, the Senator was famous for the singlemindedness with which he pursued any objective he had set for himself. His emphasis in any given situation was on the techniques of accomplishment, and this is an emphasis highly congenial to a time that has become bemused with process at the expense of substance. He got things done, whatever those things happened to be, and that is a trait Americans admire.

In the overview, of course, Robert Kennedy was anything but ordinary. If he shifted his mood as mass man altered his, he could make his changeover with enormous political impact. He was, in a sense, everyman to the *n*th power, equipped with common tastes and weaknesses, but also with enormous resources and a kind of unflagging energy few of us are able to muster in ourselves. He was in effect

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a hero without a cause. In his drive for success *qua* success, detached from larger objectives or values, we see the tendency of our politics writ large. □

FILM CHRONICLE

TEN-AND-A-HALF BEST OF 1968

RICHARD CORLISS

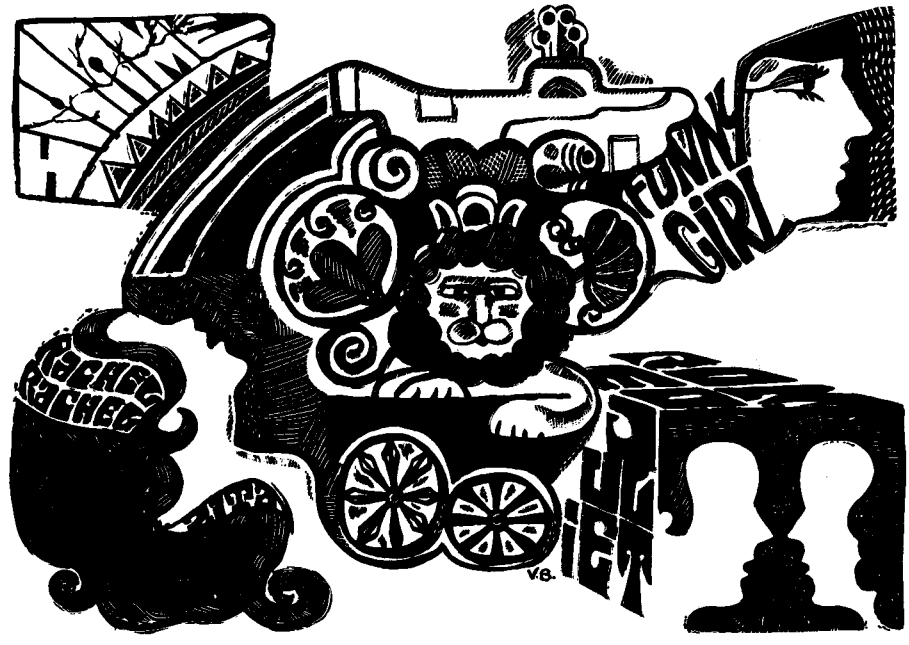
It's difficult to make a Ten-Best list much less schematic than a Christmas shopping list, or much more readable than a grammar-school composition (sort of "How I Spent My Year at the Movies"). Nevertheless, it's become a seasonal custom, like getting drunk on New Year's Eve, and it allows the irregular critic a chance to bestow a few hosannas on films he's missed mentioning. Here, then, is Yr Mst Irreg Critic's baker's-decade of passable pictures for 1968.

Petulia, La Chinoise, Belle de Jour and *Rosemary's Baby* have received the blessings due them in earlier Film Chronicles. Any year that offers us the best work of Richard Lester, Jean-Luc Godard, Luis Buñuel and Roman Polanski can't be too turgid. 1968 marked an expansion for Lester (he embraced real flawed human beings rather than his usual, carefully manipulated marionettes), a contraction for Godard (he eliminated much of the polemical *dreck* that weighs many of his films down), and a synthesis for Buñuel (he fleshed out the fetishes and, for once, allowed good actors to act well). The accomplishments in *Rosemary's Baby* were really those of Ira Levin, whose well-wrought witch story was carried almost word-for-word to the screen, and Mia Farrow, whose performance makes the film worth seeing; but Polanski should be credited for not forcing his kinky cinematic presence on the proceedings.

Romeo and Juliet, in Franco Zeffirelli's version, are two athletic, love-crazy (rather than star-crossed) kids of Olympic (rather than Olympian) proportions, who turn Renaissance Verona into Mexico City 1968. The pentathlon here would include balcony-scaling, sword-play, break-neck steeplechase, hop-skip-and-jump histrionics and breathless love-making. Well, the exercise works beautifully. The liveliest film of the year is also the Livingest Shakespeare in memory. As Juliet, Olivia Hussey is buxom enough to forgo the continual breast-scrunching. and so poorly coached that she often misreads and even mispronounces her lines; but Leonard Whiting's Romeo is perfect. He seems actually to grow in the part: from beautiful boy to handsome young man; from a frolicking animal who literalizes the term "puppy love" to an *animal rationis capax* still filled with action and passion; from the body of Romeo to his soul. Zeffirelli's choices throughout the film—of faces that suggest both an Italian past and an English present, of gloriously muted colors that evoke centuries-old tapestries, of lines from the play to keep or cut out, of the movie epic over the theatrically epicene, of the young cast and, especially, of Leonard Whiting—make *Romeo and Juliet* a moving, moving picture.

Yellow Submarine, besides being the most visually inventive feature I saw in 1968, is a year-or-two-late salute to Flower Power. (The film *Head,* in which the Monkees bravely and cheerfully condemn American movies, U.S. imperialism, and the Monkees as products of the first two, is the negative, or Weed-Rot, side of this nearly valueless coin.) *Yellow Submarine* depicts the Beatles more as a state of mind, and a blown one at that, than as four young individuals who have rarely avoided musical, religious or social controversy. In this animated film, directed by George Dunning from Heinz Edelman's gorgeous designs, the Beatles are wise-cracking but wise, galumphing but graceful, cynical but cuddly, and naughty but nice. Dunning and Edelmann don't exploit the boys, though. The film begins with all the good will in the world—cartoon replicas of Ringo, John, George and Paul, and canny imitations of their voices—but then makes it on its own. In compensating thematic naïveté with visual sophistication of the highest order, *Yellow Submarine* shows that animators need not be bedizened by Disney, or compromised by the demands of an audience of children. Watching the film, we all become children, and very well behaved, too.

SHAME is one of the few Ingmar Bergman films that can be viewed without a Bergman Concordance at the ready: there are probably fewer references to the director's previous work than in any film since his first. That doesn't make *Shame* good or bad; Bergman, assisted by his superlative staff of actors and technicians, makes *Shame* good. The scene is a country like Sweden, a few years hence, in the aftermath of a conventional war, and Bergman's eyes are those of a woman (the great Liv Ullmann), which expressively mirror the shame of one man (her husband, played with Woody Allen dolefulness by Max von Sydow) and humanity (the jetsam of corpses washing against a boat in which she, her husband and the other "survivors" are "escaping"). Bergman's statement, "Each film is my last," could apply particularly to *Shame:* it possesses the apocalyptic vision of a final, desperate work of art, and the precision and strength of a masterwork.



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In *The Lion in Winter,* Henry II and Eleanor of Aquitaine come on like twelfth-century Bickersons. Katharine Hepburn has been playing in a slightly more genteel version of this witty battle for 35 years, so she's hardly to be cowed by Peter O'Toole, who not only chews the scenery, but tears it in twain and does an apache on the shards. Hepburn does the same, but with O'Toole. A young cast lends convincing and controlled—but still strident—support James Goldman's play was a bit more than comedy, and far less than tragedy; it was really playful and well-played theater, and if the result of Goldman's script and Anthony Harvey's direction isn't a great film, it's still a consistently entertaining movie.

Funny Girl is the first expensive musical comedy film (expensive to get in to) I've seen since *My Fair Lady,* so I can't offer any profound, or even facile, comparisons with recent examples of the genre. It is, however, remarkably well made for a '60s Hollywood film. Somewhere between 1950 and *2001,* Hollywood technicians lost the pride a craftsman takes in producing an exquisitely functional meat-grinder. William Wyler, who's been directing films for forty years, knows how it's done, and gets it done, with the stylistic competence and the ability to elicit good performances that a man like, oh, Charles Vidor commanded in the '40s. Barbra Streisand, as funny Fanny Brice, demonstrates in her first film a much more dazzling technique of both song and comic delivery. She and Wyler work so well together (on screen) that, though you may still loathe Streisand, you can't help but be overwhelmed by her talent and—a strange thing in an ugly duckling—her swan-like grace.

RACHEL RACHEL and *Zita* share the award for Best Film of 1968 About a Burgeoning Virgin, Traumatized by Death, Who Finds Momentary Exorcism in Love With an Improper Stranger. (The Canadian *Isabel* wins a Worst in this category and most others.) You can fault both films for "dangerous ideas," to filch a phrase from the Movie Moralists: the men in Rachel's would-be love-life are either oleaginous studs who see a woman's functions as sex and cooking, or non-men looking for a shoulder to cry on and a full breast to feed on; *Zita,* to quote the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures, "is susceptible to the interpretation that maturity is achieved through casual sex." Still, both films are filled with enough knowing observations of life's small, true moments to stock twelve days' worth of epiphanies. Paul Newman directs camera and actors with devoted assurance in his feature debut, and Joanne Woodward, his wife, gives a tense, warm reading of Rachel's pathetic strength. Joanna Shimkus has progressed impressively since Jean-Luc Godard discovered her in 1964; she proves in *Zita* that she is *the* new star of 1968—sensitive, sensuous and sensual by turns, and always bristling with humane intelligence under Robert Enrico's direction.

This column's Highways & Byways Award for the Best Short Film of 1968 (I've hit the highways and byways to get people to see it, and you'll have to hit the Hs-&-Bs to find it, unless your local library or museum purchases and exhibits unusual films) is Will Hindle's *Chinese Firedrill,* a dazzling and sympathetic film about loneliness which would be a perfect gift for the paranoid who has everything. (Short films can often be purchased from the filmmaker for prices ranging from $7.50, for Bruce Conner's *Cosmic Ray,* to a few hundred dollars for a film like this.) In its 24 minutes *Chinese Firedrill* features as much visual sophistication as *Yellow Submarine,* as much horror as *Rosemary's Baby,* as much pathos as *Petulia.* By itself, the film demonstrates the importance of independent film-making and makes 1968 a movie year to remember. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NEW ORDEAL BY PLANNING, by *John Jewkes (St. Martin's, $7.50).* In this revised edition of his 1948 study of the postwar British experience with a planned economy (to libertarian-minded Englishmen, a minor classic), Professor Jewkes has added a thoughtful essay evaluating the socialist endeavor of the present decade. Twice now within a generation, he points out, his countrymen have watched their experts attempt to control economic growth through central planning, each time leaving Britain poorer than before. Careful analysis of the fuel, power, housing, and similar crises of the periods causes Jewkes to question whether a managed economy is any longer defensible even in theory. Of particular interest is his discovery that Britain's leaders have never really decided whether an economic plan constitutes prediction or aspiration, permission or imperative, economic document or political rally-cry. Since the political and economic spheres cannot be neatly separated in any event, this fundamental confusion goes far towards explaining why economic controls ultimately become political controls as well. More fundamentally still, however, the planner fails to perceive that his real errors lie in a faulty understanding of man, and a limited vision of the meaning of human life. The last point Jewkes grasps only dimly, which may be why he is surprised at the failure of collectivists to learn from past experience. This caveat aside, Jewkes' slender volume is a clear exposition of the problems which a sister democracy has encountered with economic planning. J. E. DORNAN JR.

JOYCE CARY, A BIOGRAPHY *by Malcolm Foster (Houghton, $10.00).* How did Mr. Foster miss the lovely fact that Joyce Cary used to go into the Oxford Parks and act out scenes he was preparing for his novels? Otherwise this is as full a biography as we are likely to see of a novelist whose whole life, once he got off to a very slow start, was writing novels. The Cary family had been in Ireland for many centuries before its sheer humanity (it overlooked collecting rent from its poor tenants) collapsed it. Cary's normal boyhood was in the shadow of an uncle who must have become a wonderful ghost over the years; his name was James Joyce and he meant to be a writer but was overfond of the creature and never wrote a line. Cary took up writing to relieve the tedium of an African post to which his undistinguished career at Oxford doomed him. He kept sending for books by Cervantes and Tolstoy to see how the devil these blokes got a good yarn to stick together. His freshness as a novelist seems to grow out of his utter ignorance of what modern writing was up to. Africa taught him that to understand the misunderstood of this world is a kind of triumph; hence the attention he paid to emergent Africans caught between two worlds, to children, women, and artists. His understanding was from the heart rather than the head—the critics, especially the American ones with bowels of brass and hearts of chalk, turn up their noses at his novels, seeing them as messy muddles. They are; they are as messy as *The Artamonov Business* and *Don Quijote* and *Our Mutual Friend.* Glory Be. Mr. Foster was given access to Cary's papers and has used them with admirable skill. His research is impeccable; he even checked a drawer knob tightened by Cary in the apartment of his American publisher (repair work, like rolling the grass, was a passion) to discover that ten years later it was still tight. It is not the biographer's fault that the man who created Mister Johnson and Gulley Jimson and Sara Mundy sounds pretty much like any other English husband, father, and mild eccentric. A thorough (550 pages) biography, with restrained and perhaps mediocre critical offerings concerning Joyce Cary's wonderful novels. Photographs. G. DAVENPORT

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DELECTATIONS

Pleasures of a Birdman

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

ONE HORRIBLE morning in Japan we took off in complete darkness even though the official time was dawn. Low clouds scudded across Ashiya, the temperature was 32°F, snow and rain were falling at once, the wind was gusty, everything seemed cold and wet and dark. So we pounded down the runway through the slush and got airborne and tucked up the wheels and climbed into the bituminous void and were lurching through the snow flurries when suddenly the blackness and the turmoil ripped down away from us and we rose into the spotless azure of morning. The clouds below us fell away into a rose-drenched oriental carpet. There, to the east, poised on the edge of its orb, the great bronze sun bids welcome.

Bluie West Eight was a tilted strip at the head of a cul-de-sac fjord in southwest Greenland. One morning at about 2:30 we took off for Scotland but before we headed out on course there was one small detail to take care of, namely a piece of ice two miles tall. So, in the moonlit morning, we circle over the patch of water at the head of the fjord, patiently lifting the transatlantic gas load we have just taken on board. Fifteen minutes after takeoff we are ready to approach the ice cap. The lights of Bluie West are still beneath us as we head out towards the pallid prehistoric rampart of ice. It glides beneath us, a continental mass of frozen dull refulgence, the graveyard of a thousand expeditions, a vast and silent and mortal trap.

Acoma Mesa (the stress falls on the first syllable) is about 45 nautical miles west of Albuquerque and is worth seeing because it's an American acropolis. The mesa rises abruptly from the desert floor on all sides. Its tabletop supports a thriving town of white houses and storage depots, a cathedral, water reservoirs—indeed, viewed from a low circling aircraft, late in the afternoon, Acoma Mesa permits one to imagine what it must have been like to engage in the hurly-burly of daily life two thousand years ago in the city atop the rocky massif in Athens. But Acoma (Willa Cather describes it unforgettably in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*) is not a ruin, but a continuing community. Archeologists assure us that it is the oldest continuously inhabited place in the Western Hemisphere. From Santa Fe the round trip to Acoma would consume the greater part of a day. We do it in an hour, above the death-dealing highways, and enjoy cool air and a wonderful view of New Mexico all the while. Like a bird!

For subtlety of color there is nothing to match the waters of a coral atoll in the Pacific. I think Kwajalein in particular, with its vast lagoon, a climax of green mounted in a halo of foaming blue. To be sure, there are sharks—was it Wilde who thought no pleasure perfect without a dash of danger?—and from the air one may yet pick out the wreck of a Japanese supply ship, or the empennage of a stout Grumman buried in the sands. But the imperceptible shift of color from the peridot purity of the beach in the lagoon to the oceanic blue —how does that happen? Who can paint it? And who can see it but the birds and their imitators?

Surely the sheer beauty of the earth, seen from above, is one of the greatest pulls in flying. But there are pleasures other than the purely aesthetic. To have the opportunity to study the earth from a modest altitude (say, five thousand

feet above the surface) is to be able to lay eye on historical forces, sociological trends, geological events. Fly from the East Coast to the West and watch what happens to the size and shape of farms. Note where the land comes under the influence of the section-line surveyor. Dred Scott is mixed up in that.

Come to a river athwart your course —the Delaware, the Mississippi, it does not matter—and see how it thwarted the first settlers. A road leads to the river and then a town forms at the edge of the river and the town spreads upstream and downstream as if this flow of human energy were piling up, piling up against the river-obstacle until the energy bursts over the river on a great bridge or under the river through a tunnel. Then the town stops growing upstream and downstream and grows across-stream.

From a few thousand feet up, the western desert yields a narrative older than human life in this hemisphere. You can see streambeds that have been dry for twenty thousand years. You can spot a bed of lava here and a similar bed sixty miles across the valley and you can deduce the spot where the eruption occurred. Around a river valley, especially in the West, you can mark the extreme limits of the greenish plant life and you will be not very far off if you say that in man's memory the river has never been known to flood beyond that point. You can watch an industrial plant spewing its poison into a river and measure the number of miles it takes downstream for the poisonous material to spread from bank to bank.

THE ASTRONAUTS TELL US that the works of man are invisible to them a few thousand miles up. But at our more gentle altitudes, in our familiar old-fashioned aircraft, we see the hand of man at every step. What an amazingly intricate structure we have built in this country! You cannot appreciate it until you have studied this country, and several other countries, from a slow-flying aircraft. Power transmission lines dancing through the wilderness; railroads driving across the rivers and through the mountains; highways and shipyards; harbors and plazas; everywhere "developments." The complex and spontaneous interrelatedness of life becomes something more than the noble abstraction of Burke. It becomes visible to the naked eye, and admirable, and genuinely wonderful. Perhaps there is good reason why pilots tend also to be patriots. □

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

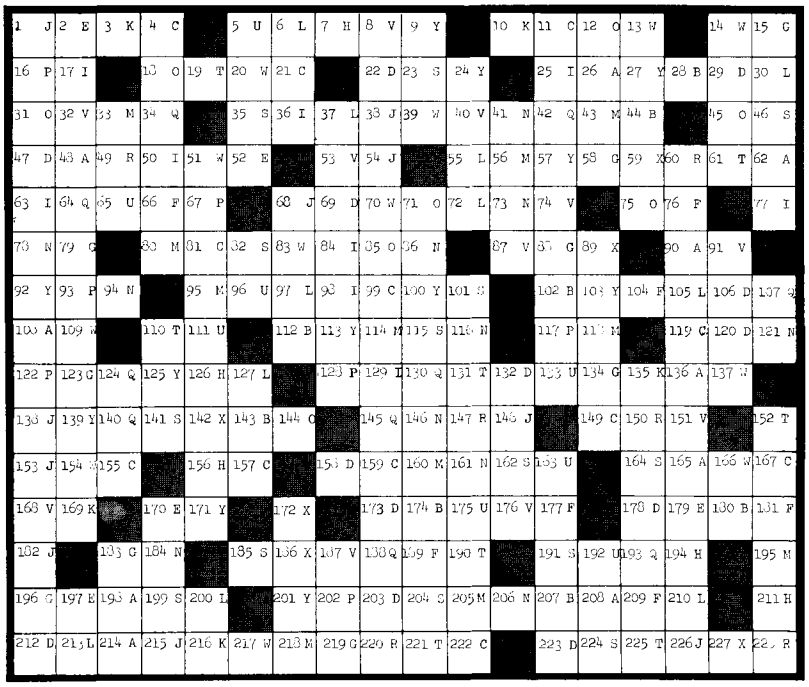
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What the world has every so often	62 198 136 26 48 165 208 214 90 108
B. A city in the central Sudan where the British won a victory in 1898	112 28 44 207 174 102 180 143
C. An early American song	155 11 21 81 99 119 149 157 159 167 222 4
D. A conflict that has moved to the so-called institutions of higher learning	158 47 69 120 178 203 22 223 29 173 212 106 132
E. A courtier in *Hamlet*	170 52 197 2 179
F. Put life into	181 104 66 209 76 189 177
G. An Italian sculptor's first name	123 196 88 15 79 183 219 134 58
H. Enclosures	194 211 7 156 126
I. What the conservatives will have in the new House of Representatives	25 50 63 17 36 77 84 129 98
J. How the pope speaks occasionally	226 1 54 148 153 182 215 38 68 138
K. The Flying Finn	3 216 169 10 135
L. A dark green, crystalline, slightly water-soluble solid, used in solution, together with a platinum wire, as an electrode	37 55 97 105 127 200 210 213 6 30 72
M. What many foreign aid moochers are	80 56 95 118 160 195 205 218 33 43 114

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. One of the planets conceived of as the female principle of fertility and the source of all life	94 41 73 121 146 161 184 206 78 86 116
O. Having a sensation of dizziness	12 18 31 45 71 75 85 144
P. A prolonged period of lectures, speeches, etc., conducted by far left faculty members and guests	117 67 122 128 93 16 202
Q. One of the shortest thoroughfares in New York City	145 107 124 130 34 42 140 188 193 64
R. To weaken or damage	150 228 60 147 49 220
S. The farthest point of the marine belt which is included within the jurisdiction of the state possessing the coast	204 23 82 101 115 141 162 199 224 35 46 164 185 191
T. The state between high and low water	19 221 131 225 152 110 190 61
U. A small Old World thrush	5 96 65 111 133 192 175 163
V. Remnants	53 8 40 74 87 91 151 168 176 187 32
W. A body of water in Saskatchewan and Manitoba	70 14 39 51 109 137 154 166 217 83 13 20
X. A member of a people who entered Greece about the twelfth century before Christ	89 59 227 142 172 186
Y. Excessive devotion to a particular religious denomination	100 24 57 92 103 113 125 139 171 201 9 27

See page 86 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the realtive word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (JANUARY 14)

[Emile V.] RIEU, INTRODUCTION TO [the] ODYSSEY.

He does believe in his gods, and that very vividly. . . . [W]hereas the Christian conception of godhead is based on our creation by God in His image and likeness, with imperfections introduced by Satan, Homer regards his gods, though immortal, as made in the image and likeness of man.

The numbers for Definition F in the December 31 Trans-O-Gram should have read: 118, 83, 168, 203, 163, 148, 192. We regret the error.

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WILMERDING

(cont. from p. 72)

one vote. By giving each of the states, large or small, an equal voice in the umpirage of the Presidential question, the Constitution has put it in the power of a small minority of the people to give the country a President that the country does not want.

The system is not only wrong in principle but inconvenient and dangerous in practice, for in a vote by states it is almost impossible to come to a prompt decision. To obtain a state vote, it is necessary that one of the candidates should obtain the individual votes of an absolute majority of the state's Representatives present and voting. Where this condition is not met, the state ballot must be marked "divided," and it counts for no one. Yet an absolute majority of all the states remains requisite to an election.

Considerations such as these were clearly in the mind of James Madison when in 1823 he denounced a provision in the Constitution that he had done so much to form:

> The present rule of voting for President by the House of Representatives is so great a departure from the republican principle of numerical equality and even from the federal rule which qualifies the numerical by a state equality and is so pregnant also with a mischievous tendency in practice, that an amendment to the Constitution on this point is justly called for by all its considerate and best friends.

At first blush it might appear that the simplest and surest remedy for the evils and difficulties incident to an election by the House is to abolish the contingent election altogether and to make a plurality of votes, electoral or popular as the case might be, sufficient to a definitive choice. But a little reflection will convince most people that this idea is more specious than solid.

First put forward by George Mason in the Federal Convention of 1787, it was rejected by that body for reasons that Madison later explained to his friends, George Hay and Henry Lee. An election by plurality might, if the candidates were numerous, bring into the Presidency a very inferior person—a man whom the people would not have chosen at a second trial confined to the two or those names at the top of the list of those voted for.

Recognizing the force of this objection, the advocates of reform have agreed that a contingent election is a necessary safeguard, at least in those rare cases where the leading candidate has received less than a certain proportion, say 40 per cent, of the votes cast. Two alternative plans have been proposed.

One is to leave the contingent election with the House—or with the House and Senate in joint meeting—but to limit the choice to two men and to require the votes to be taken by heads instead of by states.

The other is to commit the contingent election to the people themselves by allowing them to give in their votes a second time at a run-off election in which the only candidates were the two men for whom they had shown the highest preference at the first test.

Either mode would be vastly superior to the present, and it can make but little difference which is adopted. The important thing is to get rid of the principle of one state-one vote in the determination of a question that is no concern of the states as corporate entities but only of the nation at large.

Such are the material facts and considerations that bear on the issues that Congress and the states may soon be called on to decide.

That anything will be done may be doubted. If past experience proves anything it proves that the present enthusiasm for reform will soon wane. The nation will lapse into its customary apathy with regard to constitutional questions and, while continuing to acquiesce in the general proposition that the system is faulty, will decline the trouble of stricter inquiries to find out the faults or the means of mending them. Only the opponents of reform will remain vigilant; but their vigilance will be directed to bottling up in committee, or otherwise defeating, any proposal that might be expected to work to their immediate disadvantage.

Nevertheless, it may be hoped that by some miracle the leading men in the states, both large and small, may be brought to see that they are being asked to give up nothing without an ample equivalent. Then, and then only, will the states of every size consent to sacrifice their peculiar but unjust advantages on the altar of their common country. Then, and then only, will the primitive idea of the Founding Fathers be realized—that the President should be the man of the people, the particular citizen upon whom by their votes they had placed the stamp of their greatest confidence. □

BRODIN

(cont. from p. 73)

room when they were physically attacked. A minister of the South Vietnamese government recently had to cancel his Swedish speaking tour because the sponsoring groups feared a violent reaction. Klara Nagy, from Hungary, was denied asylum in Sweden.

The Swedes refuse to join NATO "because of the traditional policy of neutrality," but they expect to be given, in the event of war, "a supply of small atom bombs which we could drop with our fighter-bombers." They are pacifists, but they call for armed volunteers to fight the Americans in Vietnam. And they are neutralists, but their Minister of Education walks arm-in-arm with a North Vietnamese official and accuses the U.S. of fighting "an imperialist war of aggression." □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Mayor Lindsay and the Jewish Community

On The Right

New York, Jan. 12—I do not need to be reminded of the shortcomings of Mayor Lindsay, a little birdie having told me about them years ago. Still, even granting that New York City is worse off by far than it was when Mr. Lindsay took over; even granting that it has got worse to a considerable extent because Mr. Lindsay failed to do the right things, or failed to give his support to such measures as are needed, one must protest the extravagance of some of his critics.

I have in mind an able and literate rabbi-attorney, Dr. Meier Kahane, who writes regularly for the *Jewish Press,* an Anglo-Jewish weekly with general circulation, who is by now prepared to hand over to Mr. Lindsay the single-handed responsibility for the decline of New York City, which is to give Lindsay by far more credit than he is due.

New York is tensing up for a mayoralty election, probably the most widely noticed election in the country. The Jewish community in New York is critical in any municipal election, because Jewish New Yorkers are a) numerous (two million); b) politically energetic (they vote in far greater number than any other racial or religious group); c) influential (they are heavily represented in the press, in TV, in the colleges) and d) generous (they contribute substantially to political campaigns).

DR. KAHANE, whose rage at Lindsay's mishandling of affairs is unconfined, appears to be attempting to put a racist construction on Lindsay's failures—or, more accurately, appears to be saying not so much that Lindsay's failures are the result of a latent antisemitism (that would be preposterous) as that antisemitism is the result of Lindsay's failures. Listen. . . .

"The Mayor's incredible performance at his meeting with Jewish leaders when he turned the school dispute into a Jewish-Black confrontation was so outrageous that one can say clearly and without fear that Lindsay is playing with the dangerous fire of antisemitism. He has lost any shred of respect and any right to continue as mayor of a city that has over two million Jews."

Now surely Jews and non-Jews, whatever they think of John Lindsay, will deplore this kind of thing. It is true that some of the black militants have engaged in antisemitism, but precisely their bag is to single out the tenderest relationship of the people they are attacking, on which to heap blame and ridicule. Thus the Black Muslims dismiss Christianity as an extended cover for black exploitation. Thus the militants burn American flags, in order to outrage the patriots. Thus the militants at Chicago will taunt a policeman, a perfect stranger, by graphic descriptions of his wife's infidelities.

"A white Jewish principal," Dr. Kahane notes in a collection of atrocities recently committed in New York, "was forced out of the school he had headed for ten years when the animals in his neighborhood sent him a letter, whose major charm lay in the sentence, that read 'Do you know what it feels like to have your daughter raped?' " Now that letter is a bloody outrage, but not because the principal is Jewish or because he is white. The black (and white) irresponsibles will seize on anything that is sacred to smash or burlesque, one's religion, one's children, one's race, one's background, one's physical appearance, one's political affiliation.

What is happening in New York City no question about it, is the return of bread cast thoughtlessly on the waters over a period of time, and Lindsay has as enthusiastically as anybody sided with the fanatic interpreters of the Bill of Rights, so much so as to help to immobilize those who believe that above all it is the responsibility of government to maintain law and order and protect its citizens. The toleration of black racism in Ocean-Hill Brownsville is only a few steps away from the toleration of the raucous racism of Adam Clayton Powell Jr., whom I begged Mr. Lindsay to criticize during the campaign in 1965, to no avail.

But Lindsay cannot properly be blamed for having done anything offensive to Jews as Jews. What he has done is offensive to them as human beings, and it is wrong to add to the worries of the most harassed man in American politics by charging him with indifference to the rise of antisemitism. □

TOIL AND TROUBLE *New York,* Jan. 14—When the bigthinkers met recently at Princeton University to arrange solutions for the galactic problems of the world, George Kennan rose and asked meekly whether they shouldn't also concern themselves with some problems semingly minor, for instance the failure to devise means of protecting cities from paralysis by striking labor unions. I wasn't there but I can imagine the hushed horror that greeted this sober restoration of hierarchy: we ought to figure out what to do about Albert Shanker before we can confidently dispose of the problem of Mao Tse-tung.

AND INDEED there are stirrings on the horizon. Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who superintended the passage of an anti-strike law (the Taylor Law) through the legislature in Albany a couple of years ago, immediately went on to ignore his own law in settling the New York garbage strike last winter. That law, as originally contemplated, would have permitted a judge to set a fine hefty enough to deter a defiant union engaged in an unlawful strike. But the State Assembly, controlled by Democrats sensible of the implications of "anti-union" legislation, balked—and directed that the maximum penalty should be $10,000 a day. Spread that out among 55,000 school teachers, and you have the most exiguous deterrent in legal history.

The new idea is that an effort would be made to compute the daily value of the services denied, and let that figure set the limit. Applied to the school situation, the statisticians figure that the cost of the services denied to New York

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school children was about one and one half million dollars per day. Impose a fine of such a dimension and, presto!—no strike. But will the law pass? And in the current mood, is effective legislation possible? If you cannot get professors at Berkeley to obey the law, can you get schoolteachers in New York City to obey the law? You cannot legislate compliance.

It is a worldwide problem. The big news out of Great Britain is that Barbara Castle, the Minister of Productivity and Employment of Harold Wilson's Labor government, has proposed legislation which would seriously hamper just any old anybody's right to strike just any old time. One can imagine the shock. Barbara Castle comes from the left wing of the Socialist Party. It is as though John Kenneth Galbraith came out for a balanced budget, and Eugene McCarthy for the resumption of the bombing of North Vietnam.

AMONG THE PROPOSALS of Mrs. Castle is the cooling off period introduced in the Taft-Hartley Act, denounced at the time as the "slave labor act," and vetoed by President Truman who incidentally won re-election a few months later.

The proposal with the biggest clout would make work contracts legally enforceable by either party, so that if Management A contracted with Union B to do work over say a two-year period, and Union B struck before the two-year period, A could go to the courts and ask for damages. It would appear elementary, except that one needs to remind oneself that elementary rights have simply not existed in the labor union field for years, and it is taking a long hard experience with reality (conservatism's best friend) to bring on reforms: which, ironically, are now evolving in a Labor government.

The psychological ramifications of reform at this level are enormous. I learn that on arriving at a particular campus in California, the Negro student is ordered to join the Black Students Union. If he declines, he is beaten up until he changes his mind. *Mutatis mutandis*, that is the way we are all treated in states that do no preserve the right to work.

It is not surprising that those who favor compulsory unionism are as disposed to disregard the rights of the community as they are the rights of the individual. Why not? On the general subject, we should hear from Mr. Nixon. Let us, however, give him a cooling off period, say ninety days? □

PROFESSOR GALBRAITH AND VIETNAM

New York, Jan. 18—A while ago at a forum or a press conference or whatever, the indomitable John Kenneth Galbraith was asked how to account for the difference between his own opinion and those of other people on a particular matter. He replied with cool, "I have made such reputation as I have by being ahead of other people in my opinions."

This is probably an appropriate time to quote a clipping sent along by an admirer of Professor Galbraith. It is from the *Santa Barbara News-Press* for February 15, 1968, and under the headline, "SOUTH VIETNAM/GOVERNMENT/COLLAPSE SEEN," the dispatch reads:

> Boston (AP)—John Kenneth Galbraith, Harvard professor, says the collapse of the South Vietnamese government and army are (sic) imminent. "Anything that can effectively be called a government" in South Vietnam will disappear "within the next few weeks," he said yesterday, and about the same time span will bring "the effective dissolution of the South Vietnamese army."

Now there is a robust prediction for you, though not one which Professor Galbraith is likely to adduce next time he gets on to the subject of his infallibility. But Mr. Galbraith engages in brinkmanship by continuing to proffer apodictically his opinions on the situation in Vietnam notwithstanding his disastrous track record. He does so, most frequently, at the intended expense of Mr. Joseph Alsop, whom he loves to tease, which granted is a temptation quite generally felt. Anyway, just after the New Year, JKG addressed a letter to the *Washington Post* spoofing Mr. Alsop's frequent quotations from captured enemy documents. "One hears" — Galbraith writes — "that the Vietcong run off an extra copy for him under standing orders." Mr. Galbraith went on to reiterate his conviction that the great Tet offensive and other offensives had been disastrous for the United States and the South Vietnamese, burlesquing Mr. Alsop's current optimism with the wisecrack, "There is nothing like a succession of bad defeats to bring you to the brink of victory."

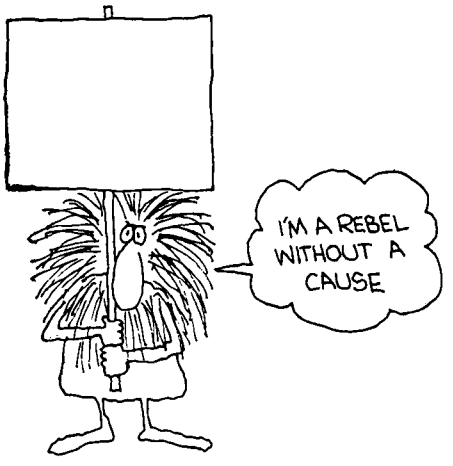
Needless to say, Mr. Alsop was not amused. And he delivered a crushing rebuttal in a letter to the *Washington Post*. On the factual situation he quoted from Mr. Charles Mohr of the *New York Times*—significantly, because the *New York Times* has consistently tended to the all-is-lost view of the situation in Vietnam.

Mr. Mohr, reporting on the cumulative impact of the great offensives of 1968 by the Vietcong, concluded 1) that "the indigenous South Vietnamese Vietcong military and political movement lost a large part of its best leadership"; 2) that rank and file VC "lost very heavily" in the attacks on the cities; and 3) that the lack of popular support for the VC has required that the enemy abandon guerrilla-type warfare. Mr. Alsop points out that by common agreement, North Vietnam's participation in the war cost her a quarter of a million men. Transposing this figure into American dimensions, it is as though the United States had lost three million men in a single year of fighting. It would appear to be plain that if the enemy had it to do again, it would no more have undertaken the Tet offensive than, say, General Lee would have undertaken the battle of Gettysburg.

BUT MR. ALSOP makes a final and devastating thrust. Wouldn't you think, he notes, that upon the release of the figures the reaction by Americans who greeted the end so gladly a year ago, would be, "Thank God I was wrong." "To be sure," says Mr. Alsop, "an American success in Vietnam will make Professor Galbraith and his friends look very foolish indeed; but that does not palliate the unattractiveness of their insatiable appetite for bad news, however ill founded, and their arrogant rejection of good news, however factually buttressed."

It's true, one gets the feeling that the Vietnam war critics seem to want most of all a military defeat and the psychological humiliation of this country—if only to prove that they have had good opinions ahead of other people. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)



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FOR THE RECORD

■ Wheels within wheels: **Eugene McCarthy**'s startling decision to step down from Senate Foreign Relations Committee in favor of hawk **Gale McGee** had one little-noticed side effect: it kept Sen. **Edmund Muskie**—who wanted the spot—off. . . . (And if McCarthy has hopes for '72, Muskie would be one of his important rivals.) . . . Sen. **Mike Mansfield**, asked if he was mystified by McCarthy's step, replied: "I sure as hell was." . . . Also interesting: Sen. **Fred Harris** who succeeds **Larry O'Brien** as chairman of Democratic National Committee and whose appointment is regarded as a **Humphrey** victory was one of the busiest bees in rounding up the crucial votes for **Teddy Kennedy** as Majority Whip. . . . One thing nearly everyone on the Hill agrees on: Teddy showed spectacular flair in winning the the Whipship and is now in line to succeed should Mansfield decide to step down. . . . Sen. Harris, meanwhile, says that the National Committee will take over the primary deficits of the Humphrey and **Robert Kennedy** campaigns provided HHH and EMK speak at a few fund raising dinners. (This is A Unity Move.) . . . The *Guardian*, which has no doubt about what Teddy is up to, is already campaigning against him: "We oppose Edward Kennedy for President in 1972. We urge radicals to begin desanctifying him now while there is plenty of time."

■ On Republican side, Minority Whip **Hugh Scott** (he beat out conservative **Roman Hruska**) voted with the Democrats in the 90th Congress more often (58 per cent of the time) than his Democratic colleague from Pennsylvania, **Joseph Clark**. . . . According to the ACU the Republican with the worst voting record in the House is Rep. **Charles W. Whalen** (Ohio): he voted with Democrats on 23 of thirty key roll calls. . . . Hawks might like to know: the book on **Richard Nixon**'s desk the week preceding the inaugural was **Robert Conquest**'s *The Great Terror*, on the Stalin purges of the thirties. . . . On Nonproliferation: Sen. **Barry Goldwater** against ratification of the treaty on the grounds that it would have "absolutely no value" in preventing other nations from developing their own nuclear arsenals. . . . Goldwater, by the way, got biggest hand at a dinner at Women's National Press Club in Washington for new and returning legislators. His opening gambit: "This time I was the choice not the echo. After what happened to me in '64 I feel like the only kamikaze pilot who ever made a round trip." . . . **Everett Dirksen**, in Dirksenian terms, telling Mr. Nixon he has a free hand on the Paris talks. I would not, says Dirksen, object if Nixon decides he has to resume the bombing if Hanoi stalls much longer in Paris. . . . Washington sources think it likely that Nixon will take his time about choosing a new ambassador to Stockholm as sign of displeasure with **Sweden**'s recognition of **Hanoi.** Amb. **William Heath** returned to the States the day the statement was made. Sweden also is upgrading its Havana consulate to ambassadorial level. . . . **Norwegian cabinet**, at meeting January 14, reported it saw "no reason at this time to make any changes in Norway's relationship to North Vietnam." . . . **Denmark**, like Norway a NATO ally, is not expected to recognize Hanoi.

Sunday Telegraph Ben Roth Agency

"On a flight to Miami, you don't suddenly call out, 'Hi Jack!' "

■ **Charles Wiley**'s National Committee for Responsible Patriotism urging Congress to authorize *Pueblo* commemorative stamp as a) salute to courage of *Pueblo* crewmen and b) indication to the world that the U.S. has nothing to be ashamed of in the incident. . . . *NR* has learned that in a letter Commander **Bucher** wrote his wife in August from prison and which she received in September, he expressed the hope (intending to disguise his political prejudice from his captors) that "**Bill Buckley**'s boys will win in November." . . . Red China more energetic than ever in turning out propaganda billets doux. **Peking New China News Agency** has put out a statement praising the "progressive students at San Francisco State College for their heroic struggles against decadent bourgeois educational system" etc. . . . Peking incidentally is expected to start staffing its embassies around the world. It withdrew all but one (Albania) at onset of Cultural Revolution two years ago. . . . After considerable questioning, the military regime in Jakarta has placed further restrictions on the movement of former President **Sukarno**: he can't leave his home without written permission, can see only members of his family. Reason: suspected involvement in recent upsurge of Communist guerrilla activity.

■ Turnabout: **Lebanese students** took to the streets last week to demand compulsory military service.

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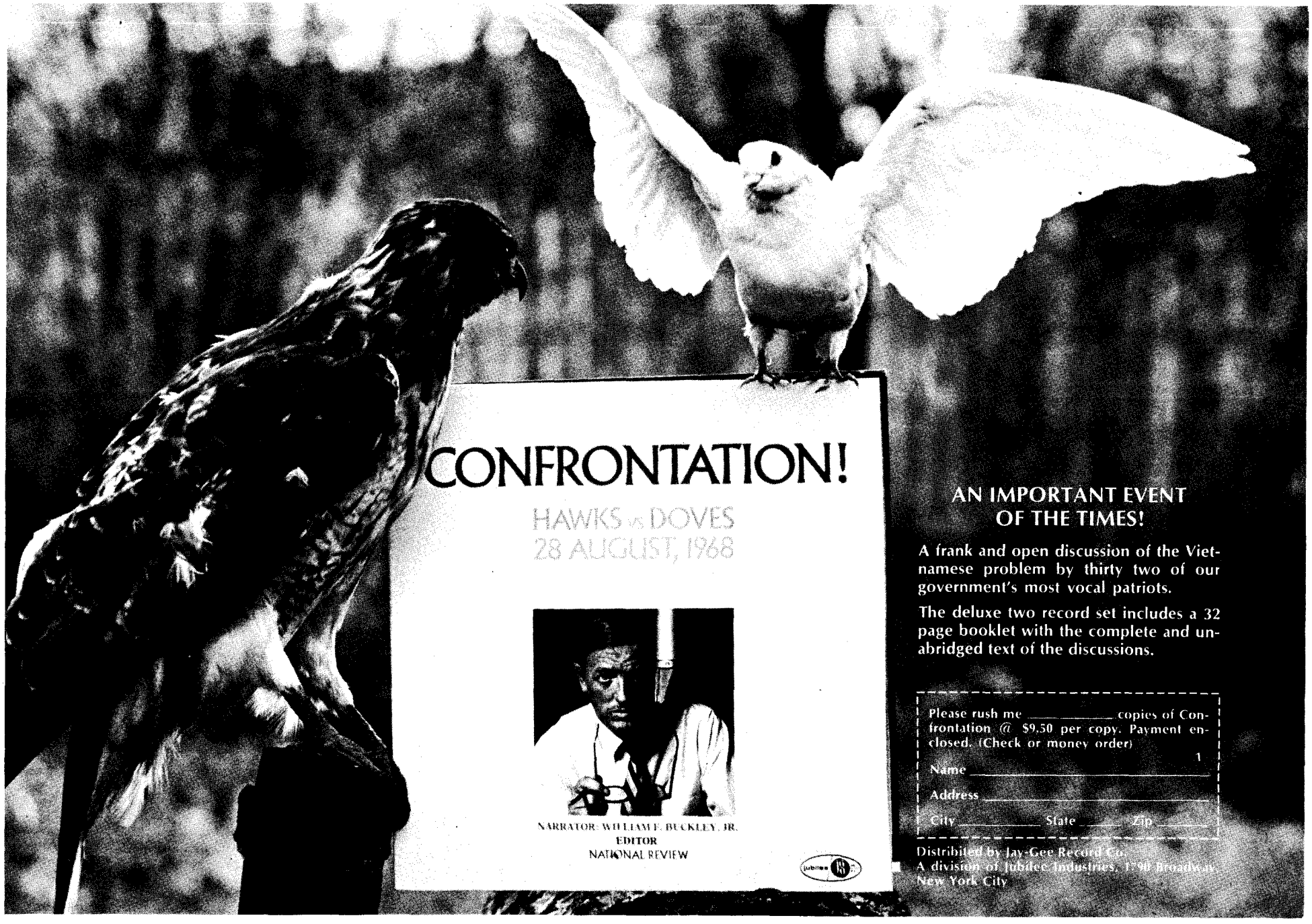
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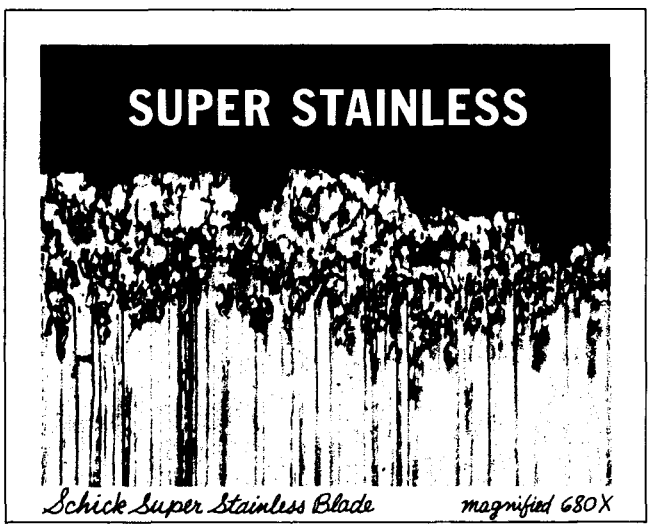
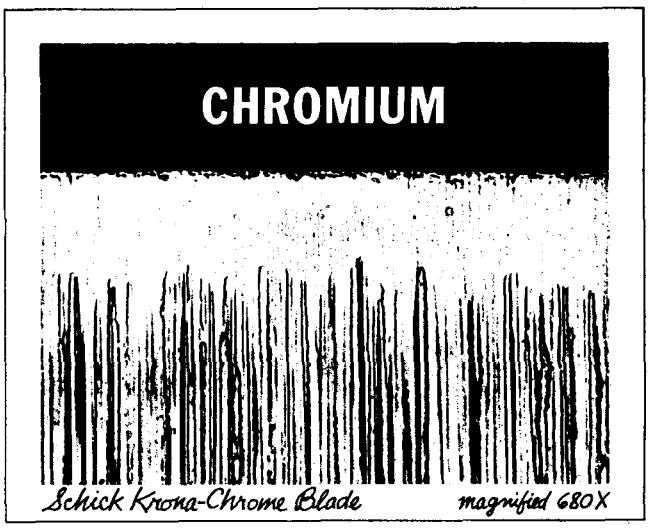
(even our own)



Super stainless is not complete protection against corrosion. This, for instance, is a corroded section of a plastic-coated Schick super stainless edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. It's rough, pitted, corroded.



This is a section of the new plastic-coated Krona-Chrome chromium edge after five shaves, magnified 680 times. As you can see, chromium more effectively resists blade breakdown due to corrosion.

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